

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1859

DECEMBER 21, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1908.

THE University Court will shortly APPOINT MATRICULATION EXAMINERS as follows:—

SUBJECTS.	PRESENT EXAMINERS.
English Language and the History of England and Wales	*The Rev. T. A. Walker, Litt.D., LL.D., M.A. Alfred J. Wyatt, M.A. *J. H. Grace, M.A. W. H. Young, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S.
Mathematics	*Frank Ritchie, M.A. Professor C. Jamieson Walters, M.A.
Latin	V. S. Vernon Jones, M.A. *The Rev. Robert Williams, M.A. Professor Ernest Weekley, M.A. Professor A. W. Schuddekopf, Ph.D., M.A.
Greek	William Watson, D.Sc., F.R.S.
Welsh	William Watson, D.Sc., F.R.S.
French	H. O. Jones, M.A.
German	*Professor Michael Cressi Potter, M.A.
Dynamics	
Experimental Mechanics and Heat	
Chemistry	
Botany	

The Examiners whose names are marked with an asterisk have served for the full period of five years.

Particulars will be given by the Registrar of the University, University Registry, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom application must be sent on or before January 7th, 1908.

J. MORTIMER ANGUS,

Registrar of the University.

December, 1907.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

ADDITIONAL EXAMINERSHIP IN FRENCH.

THE University Court of the University of Edinburgh will, on Monday, 13th January, 1908, or some subsequent day, proceed to the appointment of an ADDITIONAL EXAMINER IN FRENCH.

Each applicant should lodge with the undersigned, on or before Friday, 3rd January, 1908, 20 copies of his application and 20 copies of any testimonials he may desire to present. The number of testimonials is limited to four. One copy of the application should be signed.

Further particulars on application.

M. C. TAYLOR,

Secretary University Court.

University of Edinburgh,
2nd December, 1907.

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Education

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters	259	"Consolatus" and "Church Mem-	267
A Christmas Carol	261	ber"	
Earth to Earth	261	The Late King of Sweden as an	268
Literature :		Orator	
A Japanese Lempriere	261	Men of Letters	270
Petrarch	263	Seasonable Books—II.	271
The Unceasing Wonder	264	The Library Table	272
The Ceramic Gallery	265	Fiction	273
Sforza of Milan	266	Correspondence	275
		Books Received	277

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WE must express our admiration of the extraordinary intellect of Lord Kelvin and our sense of the immense loss which Natural Science and the world at large have sustained by his death. Histories, more or less detailed, of his life and discoveries appeared in the pages of all our contemporaries on December 18th, and we can only recommend our readers to read those which deservedly have a high reputation for the excellence of such obituary notices—for instance, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times*. The notice in the *Daily Telegraph*, which the writer of this note happens to have read more carefully, is exceedingly interesting and quite intelligible to readers like him whose instruction in natural science is of the very slightest, though Lord Kelvin's researches are generally described as having taken place in the profoundest regions, the most inaccessible to the lay mind.

The electors of the Oxford Slade Professorship are to be highly congratulated on their reappointment of Professor C. J. Holmes to a second term of office. It was an excellent appointment in the first instance, and Mr. Holmes's lucid and stimulating teaching during the past three years has justified the expectations which his friends had formed of him. He has a broad view of Art, and his position as editor of the *Burlington Magazine* puts him in close touch with the best authorities on the Continent and in the United States, as well as in this country. His friendly approach also enables him to carry his points, which he seldom fails to do, without offending his opponents. These administrative qualities have already made him particularly valuable to Oxford, and he may become more valuable still during the next three years.

It is evident that there are parties in both the Universities determined, if they can, to divert the Slade funds to other purposes. The Slade Professorship at Cambridge has already been modified. The electors to the Readership of Classical Archæology—to describe their action in the most complimentary terms—desired to appoint a certain archæologist to the chair, when it was already occupied by Dr. Waldstein for the term of his life, if he chose to retain it. The Slade Professorships are triennial appointments, so, in order to facilitate the vacancy, a sudden change was made in the Slade chair, and it was offered to Dr. Waldstein for life. It is only fair to recall the fact that he has been Slade Professor before; but this is no reason why the change should have been made purely for the supposed benefit of the School of Archæology, especi-

ally since there are excellent reasons why the Slade Professorships should continue to be temporary appointments. Dr. Waldstein has been frequently attacked in his occupancy of both chairs, but he is quite competent to defend himself, and we offer no opinion whatever on his suitability for either. We merely point out that the interests of the Slade Professorship have been sacrificed to those of Archæology.

At Oxford the attack on the Slade Trust is still more pronounced. A strong party, led by Dr. Evans, have practically proposed to confiscate half the Slade endowments for the benefit of the Ashmolean Museum. Dr. Evans's zeal for the benefit of the institution for which he has laboured so persistently and so successfully does him immense credit. If the merit of an institution is to be judged by its director none deserves more from wealthy benefactors than the Ashmolean Museum. We sincerely hope that Dr. Evans will obtain all he requires from other sources, but will be defeated in his present designs. Since it is apparently impossible for the University to increase the endowments of the Ashmolean directly, it has been proposed to do so in a roundabout way—namely, by eventually unifying the Slade professorship with the Keepership of the University Galleries (which would consequently make the professorship a life appointment) and by attaching to both the duty of such art teaching as is alleged to be required by the School of Modern History. By this means the University would apparently be able to replace the endowment robbed from the Slade Trust, on the ground that it would be money spent on the Modern History School.

On being invited to express his opinion, Mr. Holmes gave it in his usual straightforward and conciliatory manner. His opinion amounts to this: that the demand for art teaching of students of Modern History is bogus; that the qualifications required by the keeper of a gallery and a professor of Art are totally different; and that the advantages of the power of temporary appointment to any Chair are too great to be thrown away. The two last statements are obviously true. Beyond the evident common sense of Mr. Holmes's opinion, its expression, which he gave last spring, does very great credit to his public spirit. We are justified by his re-appointment now, in drawing the conclusion that if he had acquiesced in the new proposals, his professorship, then nearly at an end, would have been extended to a life appointment by some such means as those used at Cambridge. There is no doubt that further attempts will be made on the Slade endowments, and we trust that Mr. Holmes's reappointment is an indication that the Trustees are strengthening their hands to resist them.

The *Temps* has a story to the effect that 90 per cent. of the English contingent whose business it is to recommend suitable recipients for the Nobel prize were in favour of giving it to Mr. Swinburne, while only a few voted for Mr. Kipling. It avers that it has the "very highest authority" for this statement. The committee which awards the prize is, of course, perfectly within its rights in over-riding the opinion of the majority of the English advisory body, but if the facts are as stated they are decidedly curious. Nobody will be inclined to grudge Mr. Kipling the honour which has been conferred on him, but it cannot be denied that the highest form of English literature would have been more honoured by its bestowal on our greatest living poet. There is always something rather absurd about this solemn conferring of honours on living men, especially when one considers the feeble claims which those who are appointed to judge them

usually possess. We do not know the names of the gentlemen who represented England on this occasion, but the *Temps* mentions Lord Avebury among others. Now, why Lord Avebury? Is it because he is a wealthy banker, or because he is responsible for the inception of the horrible pandemonium known as bank holiday, or because he is supposed to have some remote connection with literature? We wonder.

We should like to call our readers' attention to a letter to the *Times* on the Church of England School, Oxford Street, Swansea, and a reply to it by the Bishop of St. David's on December 18th. Briefly, as the Bishop points out, the Board of Education continues to recognise the school as a public elementary school, and connives at the withholding of the teachers' salaries by the local authorities. Dr. Owen pertinently asks whether Mr. McKenna means "to let the teachers of this school go without payment of their salaries until Parliament meets, should such be the pleasure of his political friends at Swansea." We hope that all school-teachers and managers who are not political dissenters will follow the example of the Archbishop of Canterbury as far as they can, and take legal advice. At any rate, we hope that they will hold no communication with the Board of Education as long as Mr. McKenna is at the head of it, without *some* advice, and without keeping copies of their correspondence, exactly as though they were dealing commercially with a correspondent ready to take an unfair advantage of them. It is, fortunately, a long time since it has been necessary for individuals to be forced to seek the protection of the law against the religious persecution of the head of a Department of State.

We would also briefly call attention to a more important matter—the Archbishop's letter to the *Times*, published on December 18th, enclosing counsel's opinions on the position of Church of England training colleges created by Mr. McKenna's regulations. We commend to our readers the leading article on this subject in our Nonconformist contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, of December 18th, as an example of the confused casuistry peculiar to its political sect. This form of casuistry is the instinctive result of the methods of instruction mistaken by political Nonconformists for education, and now has to be learnt of necessity by their Liberal dependents. Admitting for the moment the statistics quoted in the article, and supplied by so interested a witness as Dr. Macnamara, we now confine ourselves to the following inquiry: If between 1839 and 1862 the Church of England subscribed £165,668 and received £368,301 and £443,401 (£811,702) from Exchequer grants, scholarships, and capitation grants combined; and if the figures for 1863 to 1905 were: Subscriptions and endowments, £508,000 and £49,000 (£557,000), and Exchequer grants, £3,418,000—what did Jews, Roman Catholics, and the Protestant sects subscribe respectively during the same periods towards training colleges of their own? What sums did they receive respectively in the form of Exchequer grants, scholarships, and capitation fees, and to what did "endowments" amount in the latter period? Finally, what higher *proportion* was paid by the State to Church of England training colleges than was paid to Protestant Nonconformist training colleges? At what date, we wonder, did the State become an exclusively sectarian religious body, justified only in spending public money on sectarian education, and cease to have the right to contribute to voluntary effort in the cause of public instruction made by religious bodies outside the Free Churches? The question that we want answered is, Where are the results of the money spent by the Free Churches in the cause of education, other than Sunday-schools?

We have received a very angry letter from an anonymous gentleman. His wrath is caused by the fact that last week we expressed surprise and regret that none of the papers had, as far as we had been able to ascertain, commented on the revelations which we were able to make about Mr. Moberly Bell and the *Times*. It appears that the *Daily News* did comment on them, and our correspondent resents very strongly the implied inference that we do not read the *Daily News*. We plead guilty; the article in the *Daily News* escaped our attention, not only because we do not make a habit of reading the *Daily News*, or any other particular daily paper, but because we were relying on the admirable press-cutting agency which supplies us with cuttings relating to THE ACADEMY. The agency did not send us any cuttings, and so we presumed there were no cuttings to send. We are really very sorry, we do our best, but we cannot undertake to read the *Daily News* every day, even with the laudable object of averting the anger of our anonymous correspondent. The same irate gentleman, who, by the way, informs us that he is a Nonconformist, finds fault with our use of the word *cénacle*, and is good enough to give us much advice as to the advisability of confining ourselves to our mother tongue. Again, we are under the necessity of expressing our regret at our inability to "oblige." Our use of the word *cénacle* (although the printer deprived it of its accent) was perfectly correct, as anyone having an elementary knowledge of the French language, or, failing that, access to a French dictionary, will know.

Sir Edward Elgar was very ill-advised to allow his suite "The Wand of Youth," written, as we were informed in the programme, at the age of 12, to be performed at the Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall last Saturday. As an example of precocious talent it is no doubt mildly interesting, and might have suitably found a place in a programme designed for the hearing of his family and his personal friends; but to sandwich it between two such masterpieces as Mozart's Concerto in D Minor and Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 in D, with such a great pianist and musician as M. Raoul Pugno at the piano, was to court disaster. It was listened to with scarcely concealed impatience by a packed hall, which was rightly moved to enthusiasm by M. Pugno's superb performance in the Mozart Concerto. Sir Edward Elgar must have a very pleasant admiration for his own powers if he was able to hear his youthful composition without blushing. It was worth while all the same to sit through the Elgar suite for the sake of the pleasure of returning to the heights again with added joy in the Brandenburg Concerto, in which M. Pugno was most ably assisted by Mr. Albert Fransella on the flute and Mr. Maurice Sons with the violin. This delightful concert opened with a fine performance of the Scotch Symphony and concluded with the Variations Symphoniques for piano and orchestra by César Franck, an item which we did not wait to hear.

We are constantly being rebuked by correspondents and in the Press for our want of charity to Nonconformists. We have just come across an instance of "charity" to Nonconformists which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. Needless to say it comes from America. Our authority is our admirable contemporary the *Daily Telegraph*. It appears that a law has recently been passed in New York whereby teachers in the public schools in that State are forbidden to mention the name of Christ or the word Christmas in the schools. The reason given for this curious enactment is that it has been found that the use of these words gives offence to Jews, many of whom send their children to these schools.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

When Christ was born in Bethlehem
 The stars, cold wells of liquid light,
 Sunk in the deep blue veil of night,
 Were jewels for His diadem.

The moon, a globe of opal fire,
 Wove Him a garment of pale gold,
 A shining raiment meet to hold
 The Body of the World's Desire.

Then night and dawn together blent
 Melted into a purple band;
 While hushed to silence sea and land
 Waited the awful Sacrament.

And He was born our Prince to be,
 And land and sea did 'so rejoice,
 That the whole world became a voice
 In tune with Heavenly harmony.

A. D.

EARTH TO EARTH

What is the soul? Is it the wind
 Among the branches of the mind?
 Is it the sea against Time's shore
 Breaking and broken evermore?
 Is it the shore that breaks Time's sea,
 The verge of vast Eternity?
 And in the night is it the soul
 Sleep needs must hush, must needs kiss whole?
 Or does the soul, secure from sleep,
 Safe its bright sanctities yet keep?
 And O, before the body's death
 Shall the confined soul ne'er gain breath,
 But ever to this serpent flesh
 Subdue its alien self afresh?
 Is it a bird that shuns Earth's night,
 Or makes with song Earth's darkness bright?
 Is it indeed a thought of God,
 Or merest clod-fellow to clod?
 A thought of God, and yet subdued
 To any passion's apish mood?
 Itself a God—and yet, O God,
 As like to Earth as clod to clod!

JOHN FREEMAN.

LITERATURE

A JAPANESE LEMPRIÈRE

Legend in Japanese Art. A description of historical episodes, legendary characters, folklore, myths, religious symbolism, illustrated in the arts of old Japan. By HENRI L. JOLY. With upwards of 500 illustrations, including sixteen full-page prints in colour. (John Lane: The Bodley Head. Price, 73s. 6d., net.)

GAUTIER's famous advice to a poetic aspirant that he should study the dictionary has received in the course of time a far wider connotation than the "*poète impeccable*" intended to imply. We no longer regard the lexicon as a jewel-case of precious words "that on the stretch'd forefinger of all time sparkle for ever"; we have seen it swell into a treasure-house, where not stylists alone, but students of art, religion, history, and sociology may delve for gold. The man who has mastered every syllable of the last edition of Liddell and Scott may almost regard himself as a Hellenist of the first water. Indeed, the border-lines between a dictionary and an encyclopædia are rapidly being effaced. It would puzzle M. Henri L. Joly himself to give an accurate definition of his work, which falls somewhere between the two. The headings, it is true, are arranged alphabetically to the number of nearly eleven hundred, but of these not a few constitute complete monographs in miniature. His claim to do for Japanese mythology what Lemprière achieved for the deities of Greece and Rome is too modest, seeing that he has aimed farther and accomplished more.

This comprehensiveness, however, while most creditable to the author's enthusiasm and industry, is rendered inevitable by two circumstances peculiar to Japan—the persistence of myth and the universality of her art. In the case of other races you may approximately name the period when legend faded in the cold light of science. In Europe miracles do not happen, but the mythopœic faculty of the Japanese is yet active. At no period in their history has legend failed to sanctify the fame of heroes. By a perfectly natural succession Lieutenant Hirose, who lost his life through returning into the fire-zone to save a boatswain in the harbour of Port Arthur, has taken his place in popular melodrama as a sainted, wonder-working spirit beside Yoshitsune, a twelfth-century compound of Nelson and Robin Hood. Nor has the decorative art of any other nation been so universally present in the dress, furniture, weapons, and utensils of everyday life. Emblems and souvenirs of divinity are not confined to temple or theatre, but writhe across the sword-guard, the medicine-case, and the glorified button, by which the smoker's tobacco-pouch was attached to his girdle. As every collector knows, in these articles alone—the *tsuba*, the *inrō*, and the *netsuké*—may be found such a wealth of rare and fanciful design that art-lovers and legend-lovers desire their possession with equal avidity. Of ivories, porcelain, lacquer, and colour prints it is no less true that their æsthetic value is greatly enhanced by a knowledge of the story or idea at the back of the artist's mind, while his hand wrought miracles. On every species, then, of art and handicraft known to Europeans by imported specimens M. Joly's massive compendium throws instructive light, which has hitherto been dispersed in comparatively rare treatises by experts or in the transactions of special societies.

The immense range of fact and fancy which had to be included in such a survey naturally imposed severe limits on the compiler. The reader will not be dazzled by such flashes of insight and humour as

rendered Professor B. H. Chamberlain's "Handbook of Colloquial Japanese" more fascinating than a fairy-tale, and the late Dr. William Anderson's "Descriptive Catalogue of Paintings in the British Museum" one long romance. These were men who had lived long in the country and drawn in its charm at every pore. Rarely does M. Joly permit himself to digress from his sufficiently arduous task of recording other men's ideas. At times, however, he does suggest parallels between Western and Eastern imagination, both interesting in themselves and provocative of others to every student of folklore. Thus the tale of Kichibei, the eel-broiler, and the miserly merchant, Kizosaburo, recalls the pre-Rabelaisian fable of the sweep and the *rôtisseur*; the peasant who lost his wen in the forest has an Irish counterpart in Lusmore the humpback; the angel's robe of feathers left on the beach resembles Scandinavian stories of the white swan; the burial of living victims under the bridges of Matsuë and Nagara recalls the Roumanian ballad of Manoli; the long-eared mythical Chōji are strangely like some creatures described in "Huon de Bordeaux," a twelfth-century romance, "*qui couchent en plein air, se couvrant de leurs oreilles*." . . . Every reader will supply similar instances. The Hare who scorched the Badger on Kachi-Kachi Yama (Crackling Mountain) is an Oriental cousin of Brer Rabbit; even our old friends Bruce and the Spider reappear under the aliases of Ono-no-tofu and the Frog.

Fairy-tales and folklore, however, form but a small portion of the subject-matter. The copious and careful bibliography placed at the end of the volume will enable gleaners in these fields to garner a fuller harvest elsewhere. Those who may be expected to derive most benefit from the book are collectors of every grade and kind, since it is provided with every possible aid to identification of design and inscription. Thus not only is the name of every personage printed in Chinese type next the English transliteration, but an index in Chinese type and numerous cross-references facilitate research. Last but by no means least are the reproductions in black-and-white of some hundreds of the best specimens from English and French collections.

The monograph on masks, covering ten pages and enriched by more than a hundred illustrations, is of particular interest, since but few remarkable specimens have found their way to England, though the Brockhaus and Gillot collections enjoy Continental fame. Very few of the oldest have ever left Japan, and drawings are given of those still piously preserved in the Hōriūji and Tōdaiji temples. For, of course, quite apart from their value as studies of grotesque and horrible expression, the masks are inseparably associated with the military and religious dances, which culminated in the beautiful Nō—half play, half dance—that is still performed with traditional posture and music for the elect of Tōkyō. Written for the most part by anonymous monks and inculcating monkish morality, the Nō abounds in ghosts, priests, demons, and exorcisers. All the characters were masked, and many reappeared in play after play. Chief of the demons is Hannya, a female impersonation of Jealousy, whose horns and teeth are conventionally ferocious, but Uzumé, "with puffed out cheeks and an everlastingly smiling face," Shōjō, mythical creatures "with long, straight hair of a red hue," and Tengu, with preternaturally long noses, are almost as common.

Admirers of Hokusai will appreciate the space allotted to the anthropological freaks of the *Mangwa*. Throughout the fifteen volumes of *Sketches* there are none more characteristic and fantastic than those which Anderson called "mythical foreigners," where Dutchmen and demons fraternise with *Gekiboku* ("tailed men, carrying on their shoulders a hoe to dig

holes in the ground for their tails") and *Hitoban*, of which "the hands can fly away in opposite directions during the night and return to the body in the morning." Well may the impenitent Hokusai-lover (so despised by Japanese *cognoscenti*) repeat to himself the naïve confession of the householder Rokujuyen, in his preface to Book II. of the *Mangwa*: "I may be old and foolish in my tastes, and quite other than the world of to-day, but I cannot look at those sketches without being ever so happy, ever so pleased; in my delight I laugh and grin like a raw youth."

It is doubtless much easier to assimilate the comic elements and aspects of unfamiliar art than to enter fully into the serious and heroic conceptions, which it endeavours to present, particularly when such presentation is distorted for alien eye by strangeness of custom and costume. M. Joly has made no unworthy concessions to the comic spirit. Of every group in the endless procession of gods and demi-gods, sages and heroes, he has rendered an exhaustive account. First come the Shintō deities of the *Kojiki*, the earliest of native documents, of which the crude legends concerning the sun-goddess Amaterasu and her disreputable brother Susano-o (the Impetuous Male) are veiled at more than one episode in decorous Latin by Professor Chamberlain; next the countless figures of Buddhist hagiology and demonology, bearing many obvious traces of their Indian origin; at a later period the Chinese sages and philanthropists, steeped in didactic lore and represented with perpetually recurrent symbolism; finally, the feudal warriors of Japan itself, most numerous and most popular, whose feats and misfortunes have furnished the staple of popular drama for more than four centuries.

One may note in passing the curious suggestion that the Rishis or Sennis, who were credited with a life of five or eight centuries, and generally reached the sky on the back of a dragon or a phoenix, though they may have failed, like European alchemists, to discover an *elixir vitæ*, yet invented no small number of the glazes peculiar to Chinese pottery. They are to be recognised on countless *netsuké* by their big ears, leaf coats, and crooked staffs, and fill twenty-two volumes of the *Reki Dai Shinsen Tsukan*.

It is satisfactory to find that the mediæval heroes, whose memories are undoubtedly cherished with more fervour by the nation at large than those of any other class, are treated not only with fulness but a just sense of relative importance. History and art by no means coincide in their estimates of great men. Iyeyasu, whose iron hand even from the grave crushed his compatriots for more than two centuries under a yoke of beneficent but merciless severity, occupies but a small space in the realms of chisel and brush. Yoshitsune, on the other hand, though famous for many victories over the Taira clan, is chiefly revered for the misfortunes brought upon him by the persecution of his brother. No adventures are more frequently depicted in picture or play than his wanderings with the gigantic Benkei, who became his faithful henchman after the encounter on Gojō Bridge. The pictorial supremacy of these legendary friends fully warrants the crowded sixty-six and one hundred and forty lines allotted to them. Since most of the colour-prints, devoted to such subjects, were originally intended to serve theatrical audiences as souvenirs of favourite actors, it happens that M. Joly's collection of brief biographies comprises the plots of the great majority of Japanese plays. Even those of us whose acquaintance with Japanese drama is based on memories of the exquisite performances of Sada Yacco in Paris and London, will recognise old friends in these pages: Kesa, the faithful wife, who dressed in her husband's clothes and was slain in her husband's bed by the sword of Endo Morito; Kojima Takanori, engraving a loyal poem on the trunk of a cherry-tree to hearten

his exiled Emperor; Hidari Jingoro, whose carved geisha-statue was endowed with life as soon as a mirror, symbolic of woman's soul, was placed in the bosom of her *kimono*. Particular thanks are due to Mr. Kato Shozo for contributing "occasional" poems, printed in the margin and absolutely essential to the meaning of many incidents.

One cannot but regret that the illustrations in colour which, with one exception, are marvels of reproduction, should convey a less catholic impression of Japanese art than the text. Out of the score reproduced no less than thirteen are by Kuniyoshi, not an artist of the first rank, though the beauty of *Nichiren in the Tsukahara Mountains* (Wilson Crewdson Collection) is finely representative of the Ukiyo school. It was purely an error to crowd four admirable ghost-pictures into one page, whereby the effectiveness of each is somewhat diminished. On the other hand, an index of the black-and-white illustrations would have been welcome for reference and comparison. The minute details of *tsuba* and *netsuké* decoration stand out very clearly.

There are one or two blemishes of Gallic origin, which should be excised from a second edition. Such are: "of *fastuous* disposition" (p. 331); "he *delected* in serving viands" (p. 353); "a form of *supplice* called the roasting" (p. 354); and "achieved him with his Kotsuba." We have only observed one error of fact, probably due to the printer. Gozemon is said to have attempted the murder of Taikō Sama in the fifteenth century, but Hideyoshi first saw the light in 1537. We commend with confidence this sumptuous treasury of research, not only to British collectors, who are sometimes reproached with appraising their "curios" at a purely commercial value, but also to more disinterested lovers of art and legend, who will find in it many golden keys to the genius and spiritual wealth of Japan.

PETRARCH

Petrarch, His Life, Work, and Times. By H. C. HOLLOWAY CALTHROP. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.)

WE start with the rather unusual remark from a reviewer that we wish Mr. Calthrop had made his book a little longer. There is, in fact, almost a plethora of "plums" in his sketch of Petrarch and his times. We call it a sketch, but in no sense derogatory of the scholarship and research which are evinced throughout in the composition of the work, full, teeming full it is of the events occurring in those wild, far-off times. Perils by sea, perils by land, robberies, intrigues, assassinations—we have them all. All pass before our eyes as in a moving background, and against the background stands always out the radiant figure of Petrarch the poet, Petrarch the writer, Petrarch the reformer, the leader of the Classic Renaissance, Petrarch the beloved, the "Amato Amico." The sensation, to apply a modern epithet to a mediæval subject, is cinematographic which is left on us after reading Mr. Calthrop, and, as in the case of the real cinematographic display which dazzles the eye with its rapidity of movement, so also with the book; the author is American in "the hustle" he's put on, though he may reply that so was his subject! A most "restless traveller" indeed was Petrarch, and difficult to think of as even a temporary hermit of Vaucluse or Arquà.

The clue to the book and its aims are to be found in the short, temperately worded preface, where the author refers to the intricate, and, he adds, "exasperating" difficulties which beset the student of the period of which he is writing, and to his aim, modestly put forth, that of "interesting the reader in fourteenth century history." Surely it is impossible not to remain "interested" and fascinated even by the

all-fascinating poet, who, with his "insatiable appetite for literature" and travel, combined that wonderful "capacity for friendship," which seemed to endear and enthrone him as a god in the hearts of all whom he came into contact with.

Born in Arezzo in 1304, from the very first moment of existence Petrarch may be said to have been steeped in the cross-currents of mediæval intrigue and politics—the politics in which he himself was later to take such a prominent part. His father, Ser Petracco, already known and afterwards exiled as a partisan of the "White Guefs" and their cause—that cause for which Dante suffered in like manner—possessed some small property in the little country village of Incisa. It was then a village, now it is a thriving town on the way to Arezzo, and it was here that Ser Petracco brought his wife soon after Petrarch's birth, and here the little Petrarch spent the first seven years of his life. Then begin the ceaseless wanderings of his career. Pisa, Genoa, Avignon, Carpentras, Montpellier all succeed each other in the course of a few years, and in 1323 Petrarch, with the first of those life-long friends of his, Guido Settimo, goes to Bologna "to finish his legal training; for his father (worthy prototype of the modern British parent), regardless and perhaps fearful of the individualism of his boy's tastes, tears him relentlessly away from his already passionate study of the classics in general, and Cicero in particular, and tells him "to forget" the latter, and "set himself to the study of the laws of borrowing and lending," etc., etc.

The education question of to-day seems to have presented itself forcibly to Petrarch even then at Bologna, for "the methods of the day" appeared to him to be "radically wrong." But notwithstanding these educational woes he found time to make many pleasant and lasting friendships, and followed his literary bent in the off-hours of legal study, and wandered about on country expeditions with his chosen companions. At the age of 22 he is summoned home on the death of his father, whose wife only survived him by a few weeks, and then, finding himself independent and master of himself, he deliberately chooses his vocation—that of scholar and poet.

We cannot in a short review dwell on all the phases of his life as presented by Mr. Calthrop, but we can pick out one or two incidents. One which will doubtless console many of us is the fact that Petrarch found Greek horribly difficult to learn. In fact, he never did learn it. For Petrarch, as for all, there was no royal road to learning, and he never attained to walking successfully in "this strait path of a foreign language," as he delightfully expresses it in the letter in which he thanks the Greek General, Nicholas Sygerus, for having sent him a present of a copy of Homer (v.p. 185). Yet, in spite of his ignorance of Greek, Petrarch never loses sight of the great object on which, from the beginning, he has set his great soul—viz., the spreading of the true knowledge of the old classical writers, of discovering and duplicating the originals at the hands of truthful copyists, and by thus reviving classical learning; to bring about (as Mr. Calthrop says admirably) "a resurrection of the classical spirit." That Petrarch did all this is a matter of history. His methods and motives, unceasing throughout his whole life up to the very moment when he dies, in harness, pen in hand, at his desk, can be best understood after reading the letter addressed by him to Boccaccio in 1372, in reply to a tender exhortation on the part of the younger man to rest, at least in part, from his labours now that old age is advancing upon him. The letter is a masterpiece in itself (v.p. 295, seq.), and if nothing else had been handed down to us, from it alone we might have enthroned Petrarch as a consummate master of style and diction.

Petrarch must always be regarded as the literary king and leader of the period in which he lived. As king and ruler, he inspired his court of admirers and disciples with his own burning enthusiasm and desire to both write and speak classically; and in his capacity of leader of contemporary thought he will be always regarded as the founder of the Humanist School. From first to last his magnetic personality impresses itself upon not only the Italian, but upon the whole literary world; all Europe listens when he speaks, his utterances are awaited with breathless interest by all the nations; even "that most distant corner of the earth, England," as he describes our Great Britain! And to the world as his heir he "bequeathed a faculty of right judgment, a tradition of unwearied diligence, a noble ardour of research." And, therefore (in the words of Mr. Calthrop), "and not because he wrote the 'Africa,' the 'Lives of Illustrious Men,' or even the 'Letters,' we hail him in Boccaccio's phrase, 'Our illustrious teacher, father, and lord'" (v.p. 229).

Two slight objections must find their way into our short criticism. The one—the inappropriateness of the rhyme—we hesitate to say doggerel—which Mr. Calthrop places on the dedicatory page; a dedication not to Petrarch, but to Mr. Calthrop's wife. We should have thought that the name of the poet outside the book was sufficient "lure to readers" thereof. And, secondly, on page 111, and once again further on in the book, we deprecate Mr. Calthrop's references and allusions to the House of Stuart, and we unhesitatingly hand him over to the tender mercies of Mr. Andrew Lang, to be dealt with as he shall see fit.

Having aired these grievances against Mr. Calthrop, we end as we began, by saying his book his only too short.

THE UNCEASING WONDER

A Book of Saints and Wonders. By LADY GREGORY.
(Murray, 5s. net.)

In a note to this book Lady Gregory, acknowledging her indebtedness to Irish scholars and editors of texts, expresses also her gratitude "to those men and women I have met in workhouses or on roadsides or by the hearth, who have kept in mind through many years the great wonders done among the children of the Gael." One might search through many workhouses in England, we fear, without discovering so much as a strange oath, not to speak of legends and traditions such as are recorded here. Many and many a day might one be hunting among the victims of British industrial progress, among the confused hordes of the English in the East End for example (they the true aliens there), and find not the least vague hint of vision or memory. Vision and memory, the vitality of the soul, in these they have no part. Dreams are true while they last, but alack for those who do not even dream, or whose sole dream and remote vision is of a whole room (instead of a corner in a den) for earthly habitation and very Paradise! It is an honour to be of the same blood with those in whom the light has not wholly perished, who yet preserve vision and promise in—

Cabins gone now, old well-sides, dear home places,
The men who loved the cause that never dies.

And it is a good work that Lady Gregory—who has already given us "Cuchulain of Muirthemme," and "Poets and Dreamers"—has now done in "putting down here, according to the old writings and the memory of the people of Ireland, a Book of Saints and Wonders." It has pleased us more than almost any book we have read of late. We must be allowed

to quote one or two passages which have especially delighted us; and the first shall be of Saint Brigit—a passage with a humour that we have found hardly anywhere else in the book:—

When she was a poor girl, she was minding her cow one time at the Curragh of Life, and she had no place to feed it but the side of the road. And a rich man that owned the land came by and saw her and he said, "How much land would it take to give grass to the cow?" "As much as my cloak would cover," said she. "I will give that," said the rich man. She laid down her cloak then, and it was spreading out miles and miles on every side. But there was a silly old woman passing by and she said, "If that cloak goes on spreading all Ireland will be free," and with that the cloak stopped and spread no more. And Brigit held that land through her lifetime, and it never had rent on it since, but the English Government have taken it now and have put barracks upon it. It is a pity the old woman spoke that time.

This will serve very well as a specimen of the style—prose of a singular beauty, though in the following lines it lapses into the rhythm of verse:

The beating of the waves against its wall,
The bareness of its border and its strand.

It is of Doire (Derry) that this is sung, and Columcille, "Friend of the Angels of God," that sings it. The whole hymn is subtly beautiful, and prompts our warmest thanks to Lady Gregory:

If I had the whole of Scotland from the middle out to the borders I would sooner have a place and a house in the middle of pleasant Doire. It is the reason I love Doire, for its quietness, for its purity; it is quite full of white angels from the one end to the other. It is the reason I love Doire, for its quietness, for its purity; quite full of white angels is every leaf of the oaks of Doire. My Doire, my little oakwood, my dwelling and my white cell; O living God in Heaven, it is a pity for him that harms it!

And in the following briefer extract there is how much of prophetic wisdom:

It is a weak man that is not a leader; all that are without knowledge are blind altogether. There is a grey eye that is looking back upon Ireland; it will never see from day to day the men or the women of Ireland.

There is another prophetic saying in the chapter called "Blessed Patrick of the Bells," which also has not wanted fulfilment. Cascorach, son of a poet and "the makings of a poet himself," plays upon his harp wonderful music, and asks of Saint Patrick, for reward, heaven for himself, "and good luck to go with my art and with all that will follow it after me." Said the Saint, "I give you Heaven, and I give this to your art, it to be one of the three arts by which men can find profit to the last in Ireland. . . . And that they may have all happiness so long as they are not slothful in their trade." A wise man, as well as holy, was Patrick.

We would fain go on quoting, for this is one of those books which speak best for themselves. There is another poem of Columcille's, "A Farewell to Aran," in which he sings, "Blessed Aran, O Blessed Aran, it is a pity for anyone that is against you; angels coming down from Heaven to visit you every day of the week." While in a third hymn the Poet-Saint cries, "I have loved Ireland of the Waters, all that is in it but its government."

It is the unceasing wonder that amid all the perplexity and sadness, even the bitterness and reproach, for which Ireland stands in the eyes of England, there should yet be shining the still and deep waters from which the clear beauty of this book has been drawn; the beauty of holiness and faith, the beauty of memory and vision. But we fear that the practical gentlemen at Westminster, who wrangle alternately about religious or secular education and the governance of Ireland, will only find in Lady Gregory's "Saints and Wonders" new evidence of the spiritual darkness of the "lovely and lonely isle."

THE KERAMIC GALLERY

The Ceramic Gallery. By WILLIAM CHAFFERS. Second edition. Revised and edited by H. M. Cundall, I.S.O., F.S.A. (London: Gibbings and Company; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1907.)

CHAFFERS' "Ceramic Gallery" was originally published in two volumes in 1871, and was intended to serve as a "pictorial supplement" to the "Marks and Monograms" of the same author. It consisted mainly of photographic illustrations printed in permanent ink by the Woodbury process. This process, involving as it did the awkward expedient of pasting each plate on a separate page, would be impossible in these practical days; but it certainly had the merit of giving the full value of the photograph, so much of which is lost in the modern half-tone block. The book was, in fact, a photographic album, accompanied by a short historical account of each factory, and intended to illustrate pottery and porcelain of all ages and countries. In 1871, when ceramic literature was yet in swaddling clothes, the old "Ceramic Gallery" achieved no small success; but how little its arrangement would conform to our present ideas may be gathered from the fact that out of 468 illustrations only four fell to China's portion and two to Japan, while the beautiful wares of Persia, Syria and the Turkish Empire were represented by four pieces only.

In editing a revised edition Mr. Cundall has added a hundred illustrations, including six coloured plates, and by the use of half-tone blocks he has brought the bulk of the pictures into the text, effecting thereby great economy of pages and reducing the work to one manageable volume. The remaining illustrations consist of plates printed separately on prepared paper, and admirably executed. Unfortunately the new editor has failed to realise that Chaffers' selection of objects was made thirty-six years ago, and required a much more drastic revision. Incidentally the new arrangement of the book gives greater prominence to the text, which was positively difficult to find in the dense array of plates in the old edition; though it was hardly wise of Mr. Cundall to expose it to the view of the twentieth century, unless he was capable of bringing it approximately up to date. The fact is the new "Ceramic Gallery" is a great disappointment. There is plenty of room for a fully illustrated compendium of ceramic history in the English language. Nothing of the kind exists to satisfy modern requirements, though our knowledge of the individual wares has vastly increased in the last thirty years, and there is scarcely a factory of any importance that has not been accorded a volume or a monograph. The veil has been lifted from Oriental ceramics, and the even obscurer history of the delightful earthenware of Persia and the near East has lately emerged into comparative clearness, while European factories have been treated with plethoric fulness. With such abundant material to hand, the task of correcting the 1871 edition should have been simple enough, and if one looked no further than Mr. Cundall's preface one would imagine that the task had been accomplished. "The letterpress," he says, "is mainly the same as that compiled by Mr. Chaffers in the first edition, but, where necessary, alterations have been made to correct inaccuracies . . . and additions have been inserted where subsequent information has brought fresh facts to light." Unfortunately, even this straightforward undertaking requires a working knowledge of the subject. You cannot correct inaccuracies unless you know enough to detect them, and additions are useless unless up-to-date. Mr. Cundall's letterpress is hopelessly antiquated: to enumerate the inaccuracies which Mr. Cundall has not corrected would be practically to re-write the book,

and Mr. Cundall's additions are mere unskilled botching. Thus, in dealing with the celebrated "Henri Deux faïence" Chaffers originally accepted M. Fillon's theory that the ware was made at Oiron, and he devoted considerable space to the exposition of M. Fillon's arguments. Since then other champions have arisen, and among them M. Bonaffé, who assigns the manufacture to St. Porchaire. Mr. Cundall takes the trouble to quote all Chaffers' reasoning in favour of Oiron, and then suddenly inserts a paragraph reversing the decision in favour of M. Bonaffé and St. Porchaire; after which he calmly continues to quote M. Fillon's conclusions as though they followed equally well from the premisses of M. Bonaffé. But it is by sins of omission that Mr. Cundall's inadequacy is most clearly exposed. In the sections that concern English porcelain he reprints such statements as:

a manufacture of English porcelain, *soft paste*, was founded at Bristol in 1772 by Richard Champion, but to this he afterwards added the manufacture of *hard paste*

The experiments in soft paste at Bristol date from about 1750, and Champion had nothing to do with them. Again:

the Derby Porcelain Manufactory was founded in 1751 by William Duesbury,

though we know he was working as an enameller in London in 1753. It is stated as a certainty that Dwight, of Fulham, made porcelain in the last half of the seventeenth century, as also that the manufacture began at Bow about 1730. Under the heading "Staffordshire" the first factory named is Coalport, which happens to be in Shropshire. But the most amazing example of sheer ignorance is the chapter on Lowestoft. The veriest tyro is acquainted with Chaffers's monumental blunder in crediting the small Suffolk factory with the production of vast quantities of Chinese porcelain decorated largely with armorial bearings and made to order for customers in all parts of Europe. After a hard struggle of thirty years' duration this error seemed to have been finally dissipated, when in rushes Mr. Cundall and reprints the whole ridiculous fallacy as though it were virgin truth, giving ten illustrations to boot, everyone of them Chinese. On Oriental porcelain Mr. Cundall's ideas are antediluvian. To nine collectors out of ten Chinese porcelain is the be-all and end-all, and the tenth, though he affects for the nonce some other speciality, admits that the Oriental ware has always been the standard of excellence among potters. Mr. Cundall allots to China exactly fifteen illustrations out of 463, while he finds room for twenty-two indifferent pieces of Bow; and the twenty pages of letterpress on this all-important subject are the lore of 1871, with one purple patch of modernity in the shape of twelve lines quoted from Dr. Bushell. For his knowledge of Japanese ceramics Mr. Cundall is "principally indebted to Dr. Hoffmann, of Leyden" (floruit 1799)! Under the circumstances, we are not surprised to read that the manufacture of porcelain in Japan was perfected in the thirteenth century by Katosiro-uye-mon, who visited China to study the processes there in use. This is, no doubt, a condensed way of explaining that Kato Shirozaemon learnt some improvements in the manufacture of glazed earthenware by a visit to China about 1225, and that three centuries later Gorodayu Go Shonsui learnt the art of porcelain-making in a similar manner; though the manufacture was not established in Japan till the requisite materials were found there in the seventeenth century. The treatment of the beautiful earthenwares of Persia, Turkey and Damascus is hardly more satisfactory. Some good illustrations have been added, it is true, but the ill-digested quotations from Dr. Fortnum, which constitute the letterpress, tell us nothing of what has been lately learnt of

these interesting wares. Mr. Cundall has consulted Dr. Fortnum's "Maiolica"; but to what purpose, when he ignores the work of Niccola Pellipario in the section about Urbino and the Casa Pirota when writing of Faenza? He is equally silent on the early Florentine wares of the fifteenth century, but *en revanche* apportions twenty-six of his illustrations of Maiolica to periods subsequent to the sixteenth century, although the art was in full decline in 1560. Indeed, the choice of illustrations throughout and the general proportionment of the book show an entire want of perspective. In short, it is amazing that Mr. Cundall, who, no doubt, is qualified to speak with authority on other branches of art, should have undertaken an important work on one of which he is profoundly ignorant; and that, too, without the assistance either of his colleagues at the Victoria and Albert Museum who have charge of the pottery and porcelain department, or of any other competent ceramist. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. The experiment was foolhardy; the results are grotesque.

SFORZA OF MILAN

A History of Milan under the Sforza. By CECILIA M. ADY. Edited by EDWARD ARMSTRONG. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the first volume of a new and comprehensive history of the Italian States. Mr. Armstrong, we are told, will edit the volumes relating to the kingdom of Naples and to the Lombard States, while those dealing with the Tuscan Republics, the States of Central Italy and Venice and Genoa, will be edited by Mr. Langton Douglas. Well, here at last is the prospect of a really fine history of the Italian nations. How is it going to be carried out? Will it be a really profound and scholarly work, or, like too many books about Italy published at this time, a mere superficial and incompetent survey, a sort of rehash of half-understood Italian works that themselves lack for the most part a certain broadmindedness and are wanting in ideas. It is on this basis and from this point of view we propose to criticise Miss Ady's book.

To begin with, then, let us say at once that as a monograph on the Sforza it seems to us one of the very best books ever written by a foreigner about Italy. It easily ranks with Mr. Edmund Gardner's "Dukes and Poets of Ferrara," or Mr. Douglas's "History of Siena." Yet we must remember that if this history of the States of Italy is to live up to its intention, that "synthetic presentation of verified results of modern research," no merely relative excellence will do. The excellence must be absolute. Political history, in itself, is not more interesting than the alphabet or the multiplication table. It is to be used as the foundation for the real things, for life. What is really interesting in history is life. Here, it is the Italian himself, his manners, his customs, his dreams, his achievements. These are the true subject of history; and they cannot be understood without an accurate and profound knowledge of facts. What this history, then, should try to do—and by its success in this or its failure it must be judged—is to make it unnecessary any more to grub in old records for mere facts. The English student should be able to go to the volumes of this series with the full certainty that there he will find not only the facts which have always been undisputed, but also the facts which have as yet been discovered and printed only by Italian specialists in those obscure publications, "Per Nozze," "Bolletini," and so forth, which they so strangely love. Thus this history should be kept on such a level that to quote from it would be enough to settle an argument. Then at last the specialist would be free to make his own researches in his own subject—sports, costume,

medical science, military strategy, the customs of the *contadini*, superstitions, and so forth, without any preliminary tour of investigation in the matter of the main historical facts of the time with which he is dealing.

Now, if this is so, a bibliography at the end of the volume, however full it may be, is not enough. We must have notes. The Cambridge Modern History is a standing example of the weakness of the fullest bibliography without notes. That extraordinary specimen of English scholarship is full of statements no one, no serious student will accept without authority, and as no authority is given those huge volumes are quite useless. The work of individual research is not one whit lightened by the Cambridge Modern History.

Turning, then, to the book before us we find it stated, on page 2, note 2, that "to be hung by the right leg was the fate of the traitor." Certainly they were generally painted in that way. But if Miss Ady has really discovered that the punishment itself was what she says, then it was her duty to give chapter and verse for it. We must refuse to accept her *ipse dixit* without proof.

Again, on page 6, she says, "Perugia made a desperate attempt to escape the fate of her sister republics [about to fall into Visconti's hands] by taking Sforza into her service . . ." This is an absolutely new fact to us; neither Bonazzi, Bartoli, nor any of the Perugian chroniclers tells us any such thing. Their idea seems to be that the Perugians, wearied by war with the Papacy, "fell a prey to the wiles of the Duke of Milan—to wit, Visconti." If, however, it be as Miss Ady states, again she should have given her authority. On page 11 "sovereignty" ought not to be used, as, to an English ear, it suggests absolute independence.

The sort of generalisation that should be most carefully avoided in such a work as this is to be found on page 31. We may applaud the statement that "when a town fell beneath the yoke of a despot, the *tyrannis* was simply imposed upon the municipal constitution without any attempt to overthrow or supersede it." It is illuminating, and it is absolutely true; as soon as Miss Ady has stated it we recognise its accuracy, but what follows is careless and objectionable. We do not believe that "The normal municipal constitution comprised a General Council, or *Credenza*, only summoned on rare occasions, and a magistracy of five, composed of a Consul and four Priors, one from each quarter of the city, upon whom fell the real work of administration." No doubt this was "normal," but she implies that all the cities of the March were divided in quarters. We decline to believe it unless she proves it. Milan was divided into six gates (page 38), Florence into *Sestiere*, Siena into *Terzi*, Perugia into five *Porte*, Pisa into *Quartieri*, and in each case the magistracy was composed of a multiple of six, three, five, or four, as the case might be. Knowing this, we can correct her statement into what we think she meant to say. If, however, she means just what she says, the fact is so strange that she has no right to refuse to give us her reference.

On page 104 we object strongly to the statement that in Pavia no one was allowed to dance "after one o'clock at night" on pain of forfeiting his life. What does this mean? As it stands it is ridiculous. We suspect *un' ora di notte*, which in English means one hour after sunset.

On page 86 Miss Ady speaks of "the favourite Italian game of *Pallone*." What will the English reader make of that without a note? We imagine he will at once think of the modern Italian game of *Pallone*. If the *Pallone* played in Milan in Galeazzo's youth was identical with the game of to-day, a note was necessary, for Mr. Heywood has shown in his "Palio and Ponte" that in Central Italy *Pallone* was at that time something entirely different. And we may also

consult Varchi's "Storia Fiorentina," XIII., 14, on this point. Miss Ady should have made herself acquainted with all the serious English books on Italy. There are only some half dozen, but Mr. Heywood's "Palio and Ponte" is one of them.

In short, though the book is excellent, it can be improved. If we are to take this history of the States of Italy seriously, it is the duty of the reviewer to help the editors and the publisher to keep it up to the highest level. Notes must not be dispensed with for any cause whatever. The "ordinary reader" is supposed to dislike notes. That is nonsense. It is impossible to-day to write a serious history without notes. This series promises so well that we hope our criticism may have some effect.

"CONSOLATUS" AND "CHURCH-MEMBER"

A YEAR or two ago, when I was beginning to investigate the literature of the Holy Graal, a friend suggested that the legend might have connections with what he called "the mystic sects of southern France." I was not much impressed with the likelihood of this hypothesis, chiefly because I do not believe in the existence of "mystic sects"—the true mystic is never a sectarian—and, secondly, because I was already convinced that the main origins, the parent sources of the Graal literature, were Celtic. Still, though prejudices are indispensable things, one must not allow one's self to be too bitterly swayed by them, and I sought among the Albigenses for a while, finding, of course, some odd coincidences that made me hesitate for a moment—not for more than a moment. Mont Ségur, in the Pyrenees, the last retreat of these Manichees, where the noble lady, Esclairmonde, perished in the flames with a great number of "the Consolated," suggested Mont Salvatch, and the date was fairly coincident with the publication of the legend; there were one or two other details which, as I say, made one think that there might be "something" to be said for the hypothesis. There was, for example, the prominence of the Fish Symbol in a certain Albigensian Liturgy of the thirteenth century; one could not help thinking of the very strange Fish symbolism in the Graal stories.

But all these things counted for nothing when one began to enquire into the Albigensian *ethos* and the Albigensian doctrine. Whatever the Graal may be it is the expression of a High Sacramentalism, one might say of a hyper-Sacramentalism. While the doctors of the Western Church were defining the dogma of transubstantiation, expressing (perhaps too scientifically) the logical side of a great mystery, the imaginative spirit was opening its eyes to the hidden glories, the transfiguration of all things that were latent in the central rite of Christendom. The wonder of the Mass is the very heart of the legend of the Graal; Galahad, who achieves the Graal, is the type of the perfect Christian.

And then the vanity of seeking for the origins of all this amongst the Albigenses became apparent; one might as well seek for the source of the present Holy Father's decrees in the secret councils of the City Temple. The one prominent characteristic of Albigensianism was its utter contempt for all sacraments, its constant denial of Baptism and Eucharist. By a different way it led to the same end as Pelagianism; to the latter the Eucharist was a needless superfluity, to the former it was an abomination. Clearly, then, the Great Visions of the Graal could never have proceeded from a sect which denied all sacramental efficacy. Albigensianism was as vain a field for the quest as Templarism (*pace* Mr. Alfred Nutt).

But one wonders whether the heresy of Southern France were not really the seed-plot of a very different scheme of thought. Many of us can remember the tortuous and dreary novels which appeared long ago in certain tortuous and dreary magazines—the *Quiet Sunday*, the *Sabbath Companion*, and so forth. Very often these novels were concerned with the persecution of the Waldenses and Albigeois; and one still recalls with relish the way in which all virtue was placed in the heretic heart and all vice in the breast of the evil and persecuting papist. The theory was that the Albigenses were witnesses to Protestantism before Protestantism had come into being; the Light of the Gospel was supposed by the writers to have been handed on from the Apostles to these evangelical men, and from them to Luther and Calvin. Children liked it, and older people laughed and called it nonsense. But the question is, was it quite such nonsense as we supposed? I hope I shall not be misunderstood; not for a moment do I imagine that the Albigenses were the veritable depositories of Christianity in an age of manifest Popery and veiled Paganism. I am perfectly aware, as any honest person who has read the New Testament must be aware, that Christianity was from the very beginning a highly ceremonial and ritual religion, sacramental in its very heart and core; but the novelist of the *Sabbath Companion* was right, I think, for all that in believing that Albigensianism was the real ancestor of Protestantism. Not by historical pedigree and succession perhaps; there is no reason to suppose that Luther or Calvin deliberately borrowed from the older error: rather a blasphemy which was manifested in the early ages of Christianity as Manicheism, then as Paulicianism, then as Albigensianism, finally appeared, *per saltum*, as Protestantism. In other words, the crowds which assemble to listen to "Dr." Clifford and Mr. Campbell are in reality the legitimate successors of the early Gnostics. They are not by any means so entertaining as their spiritual forefathers; the massive jewellery worn by the City Temple ladies, though doubtless valuable commercially, will never be as interesting as the Gnostic gems, and the jargon they employ is not so picturesque as that of the *Pistis Sophia*. But the doctrine of the one is strikingly similar to the doctrine of the other, and in ways apart from doctrine there are striking resemblances.

Of course, the leading idea of the Manichean Gnosis is that the visible universe is devil-made, and from this judgment all sorts of consequences follow, legitimately enough. On the one hand such crazes as teetotalism and vegetarianism, the opposition to all that is cheerful, the deep hatred of gaiety in all its forms, the disapproval, veiled, unveiled, or partly veiled, of all the sensible works of God. On the other hand, there is the dislike of ceremonial worship, of ritual of all sorts, of decency itself, both in the religious and in the social life. It is amusing to trace the various manifestations of this feeling; the Manichee apologised even when he ate a wheaten cake. "I," he would say, "did not cut you down with the sickle; I did not send you to the mill to be ground by the cruel millstones; I did not knead you into dough, nor cause you to be roasted in the heat of the fierce oven." This said, our Manichee made his dinner, satisfied that he, at all events, was not guilty of massacring the grains of wheat. In the same way the modern Puritan accepts the good things of life with an apologetic grumble which he calls "grace," conscious in a dim way that he has no real right to enjoy his roast beef, that muffins are fundamentally sinful. Always to this tribe the exhilaration produced by good wine has been hateful and abhorred; to the Manichee wine was formally forbidden; to the modern Puritan teetotalism becomes more and more a prime article of

faith, so that persons who call themselves by the name Christian are not ashamed to "communicate" in "non-alcoholic wine." The Psalmist speaks of wine that maketh glad the heart of man as one of the high blessings from heaven; the Christ performed the miracle of Cana in Galilee, and instituted the Sacrament of the Altar, promising the gift of the Eternal Vine in the world to come—the Manichees of old and the Protestants of to-day are better instructed. Again, in the antique sect and the modern there is the diseased abhorrence of what one calls, clumsily enough, the "sexual side of life." To the "Consoled" marriage and giving in marriage were utterly prohibited, regarded as essentially irreligious; the modern Puritan (certain especially uncleanly sects excepted) would not say as much in distinct words. There is certainly the instance of the Roman Catholic young lady—it is only the very simple who think that Roman Catholicism has escaped the Protestant virus—who thought Holy Matrimony "a very wicked sacrament"; but our Puritans to-day are content to hold the Manichee faith in their hearts without uttering it with their lips. They have not hit upon the happy idea of dividing the sect into the "Hearers" and the "Consoled"; the former of whom could do whatever they pleased, while the latter were forced to apologise to cottage loaves and cabbages before taking the liberty of devouring them. Yet, on second thoughts, some such division does exist, since the "church member" of whom we have heard in our American novels is not very different from the "consolatus" of the twelfth century. I believe a "church member" is not allowed to "go to circus."

Of course, it would be otiose to insist on the popular Protestant attitude towards sexual morality. Though he marries, the average Protestant is curiously ashamed of the action; he indulges in all kinds of odd and elaborate pretences and hypocrisies in order to veil from his own and from other people's eyes the real meaning of the Sacrament he blasphemes; he is secretly horrified at the imagery of the Song of Solomon; he only succeeds in accepting the Apocalyptic symbol of the Church as "the Bride" by forgetting, or pretending to forget, what the word "Bride" really implies. A voice crying in the wilderness, the voice of Coventry Patmore, said long ago how much more deadly it was to call good evil than to call evil good; this was the great sin of the Manichees, as it is now the great sin of our Protestants, who, be it said again, live in Canterbury and Rome as well as in Geneva and in Little Bethel. It was an English ecclesiastic who had the impudence to declare that "erotic" imagery in religion does not appeal to the Englishman, implying, of course, that the Englishman's opinion mattered. He might have said, just as wisely and as fitly, that swine do not much care for pearls. No; to the old Manichee and the new both the Marriage Feast and the Vessels of Wine are unclean things; and there is a sect apart which gives no obedience to the command, kill and eat.

It is, of course, not surprising to find a standard of "morality" which is, nominally, quite savage in its severity, accompanied in practice by morals of the very worst kind. The "morals" of Provence during the Albigensian régime were famous or infamous, and there is much the same tale to be told of the Protestant countries now. The illegitimacy statistics of Scotland have long been notorious; they form a pleasing contrast to the very different tale told by Popish Ireland. Gallant little Wales boasts constantly, perhaps too constantly, of its hatred of the Catholic Faith, of its fervent attachment to Calvinistic Methodism; it proclaimed its piety to the world by demanding and obtaining a special Sunday Closing Act. And it has been celebrating the passing of the Act by getting drunk ever since! Of the sixteen counties with the

most drunkenness in 1904 no fewer than eight were Welsh. Then, again, consider the United States of America, famous equally for the most rigid protestations of purity, for the most violent campaigns against everything that is beautiful—and also for the most horrible, revolting, systematised, organised vice that the world has ever seen. One dare not speak of the legs of the piano—and one draws revenue from the Hotel Nymphia!

There are many other points of resemblance between the old heresy and the new. The Albigensian "Liturgy," already mentioned, brings to one's nostrils in the most curious fashion the odour of the meeting house. The "Liturgy" is, frankly, "jaw," it cites texts in the approved Protestant style *ad nauseam*; it anticipates in its oily piety all the horrors of the conventicle. It is so destitute of beauty, of decency (in the true sense of the word) that one realises, more strongly than ever, that all the splendours of the Middle Ages were the gifts of the Church, flowers of the secret and hidden virtues which are to be found alone in the True Fold. One can divine from this "Liturgy" that if the Albigensians had prevailed there would have been no Salisbury Cathedral; barbarism would have made an earlier entry on the scene. At the present day Protestantism (of the "Literal" sort, I imagine) has its chief strongholds in Southern France, and accordingly one is not surprised by the hideous appearance of meeting-houses in those wonderful old cities—duplicates of the barbarous monstrosities with which we are so sadly familiar in our dim Northern streets.

It has been a certain satisfaction to me to trace the resemblances between the error of to-day and the error of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. One sees, I think, that the "Reformation" was not altogether a new thing; it was but the repetition of an old cry, the resurgence of an old enemy that had laid the vineyards waste in very early times.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN AS AN ORATOR

THE true quality of King Oscar's mind was somewhat obscured during the last years of his life by the turbulent political episodes which marked the close of his reign. But it was perhaps due as much to his innate literary and artistic temperament as to the strength of his personal character that those episodes were brought to a peaceful conclusion, which reflected greater credit upon the dignity of the King than upon the somewhat hasty methods of his opponents. As was only natural and appropriate, the intellectual gifts of King Oscar were more clearly recognised by the Public Orator at Cambridge when His Majesty received the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1900 than by others in this country. But no one who attended the Academy Dinner in that fateful year could fail to realise the quality and the sincerity of the royal utterances on that occasion. It was not merely owing to the outspoken generosity with which King Oscar had previously expressed his feelings towards this country at a time when the general political horizon was at its darkest; it was not merely the attraction exercised by the commanding figure then occupying the dual throne of two northern kingdoms singularly associated with our ancient history; there was also the unmistakable recognition of that wider artistic spirit which was especially suitable to the time and circumstance of his oration; and it is this spirit which is chiefly revealed in the extracts we now reproduce.

In their English form they were first printed in May, 1900, in the columns of *Literature*, which ex-

pressed its indebtedness to Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook for the opportunity of publishing, with the sanction of His Majesty (to whom Mr. Cook had personally submitted this version) some excerpts from his speeches. King Oscar's style may seem exuberant when compared with that of our own political speakers, who rarely dare the shortest flights of poetry or passion; but they have a peculiar interest because they represent so truly the imaginative and sometimes mystical genius of the Scandinavian races in a way that no public utterance by any other monarch has ever attempted to reproduce, the spirit of his people's life. The first speech was delivered in 1864, when the King, not yet upon the throne, was opening the Annual Festival of the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm. After a few preliminary remarks the audience are led back, in fancy, to the birth of the world as we know it:

"Already the whole creation echoed with an endless multitude of harmonies more or less perfect. The murmur of the surging sea followed the roving of the wakened wind that moved over the face of the waters; the wave swelled slowly towards the shore, sighed amid its reefs and shoals and died in harmony; the breeze blew onwards, whispering softly through the groves, where innumerable winged choristers soon woke their melody among the tree-tops, while the clear springs sang beneath their overarching leaves. Amid all this could man alone be silent? Not so; for he who alone enjoyed the highest fulfilment of self-conscious life, he who was life's last link in the whole rich chain of creation, he must of necessity be able, in a manner yet more perfect than them all, to express the emotions of his soul. So came to man the gift of music.

"Though subject to the law of death he still retained this precious gift during his life on earth; although we must acknowledge that his use of it has hitherto been only partial and imperfect. For not all the human race have to the same extent received the power of song, or learnt the art of drawing melody from golden strings. Yet all men, with very few exceptions, have still been blest with some capacity for comprehending and enjoying the beauty of the world of music, whether it be the simpler sounds of melody or harmony's more subtle charm; and, therefore, it comes about that we can trace what may be called an art of music even amongst the earliest races of mankind.

"Since man has lost that perfectly harmonious world which in the beginning we imagine that he was destined to enjoy, it must inevitably follow that perfect and unbroken consonance cannot be the only or the all-pervading element in any art that has to do with human music. For the thousand cares and dangers of life, the certainty of bodily death, the bitterness of many a parting, the chafing of unsatisfied desires, the blighting of so many hopes, even the sorrow that is all too often mingled with our earthly love—all these have naturally called into being a multitude of discords which find their echo in the notes of music. But, whatever may have been the development of music, it has always been able to cheer and to console this life of ours. For the primeval chords of Nature's melody have sounded in the depths of every human heart; they touch us more deeply than the countless perfections of modern harmony can ever do, for they express the true, though sometimes mystical, interpretation of the story of our life, and of our hope—that slowly brightens—of a future immortality.

"Before this audience I am certain of not being misunderstood when I venture to suggest the thought that in the chord of the ninth the lower and more physical side of nature, with all its mighty tendencies to development, may be said to be expressed. In it are not only the unconscious, the imperfect, the tran-

sient phases of animal existence, but also the pathetic, the intensely tender feelings which that life can rouse. And, on the other hand, the major third (which really, though indirectly, is contained in the chords both of the ninth and of the seventh), into whose pure harmony all discords by some strong and even irresistible necessity resolve themselves, may be said to reflect that higher supernatural world where all is clearness and accord.

"We all have read how Saul, the Jewish king, when the glory of his earthly crown could neither banish nor conceal his utter sorrow, found solace in the song and harp of David. And there are many like him, in the highest ranks of life, as well as in its hidden and most lowly stations, to whom some David's harp has brought its consolation. Oh, that the deep heart of man, torn with the stress of passion and emotion, would but reveal the secret spell of music! Then might we learn its power to enhance the highest bliss, to soothe the bitterest sorrow, to shed upon the blackest night the light of sunshine or, at least, the lustre of the stars, to implant the nobler feelings of forgiveness in breasts once ruled by brutal hate; its power—in one word—to *interpret* the gospel of peace and of good tidings on the earth.

"We have said that no race, not even the most ancient, not even the least civilised, can be considered quite devoid of music. In its general characteristics, therefore, music may be rightly considered to be universal. For it is a gift to the whole human race, and is subject to common æsthetic principles which are constant for all places and all times. Yet this does not imply that music has remained untouched by all those influences which increasing human culture and development have exercised upon the sciences and the arts, nor that it has been indifferent to the tendencies and characteristics of various nations. In the typical musical expression of an individual composer, we can detect the evident traces not only of his nationality, but even of the social station and the degree of culture within the epoch and the community of which he formed a part. But it is impossible, unfortunately, now to discuss at any length this most interesting subject; we can but notice, as we pass, the rule that the folk-music of a country is that which longest retains the pure impression of its nationality, and thereby it rests upon a basis natural and secure, which often more than compensates for the loss of any advantages that might be tentatively offered by a more superficial and cosmopolitan development.

"The national music of the North occupies a prominent position among that of all other lands and races. It is distinguished by variations of rhythm, by great richness of harmony, above all, by a purity and truth which mirror in its melodies our rugged landscapes and our national character. Upon the fertile Southern plains, among their populous villages and cities, there could be found no fitting sounding-board for our Northern strings, no proper setting for our music. Swedish folk-songs are the pure echoes of the woodland depths, the lofty fells, the rock-girt lakes, the rushing cataracts. They are best sung on those long winter evenings when the blazing pinewood crackles on the hearth; their echoes are best heard far from any human habitation, beneath the cold, pale skies of Northern summer nights. No ardent passion blazes through their strains, yet all the natural feeling they reveal glows with an intenser fire. For they come from the very hearts of a people who by endless toil alone can win subsistence from the frozen soil. Of these men a far larger majority than in any other country are compelled to dwell in solitude; inevitably, therefore, they are disposed toward a melancholy, almost a mystical view of life and nature; yet they have also given proofs of a generosity and faithfulness as convincing as their seriousness and their iron will.

"Small wonder, therefore, that the national songs of Sweden nowhere fail of their impression. And it is upon this national basis that Swedish music should be built. It would be foolish to deny that our music should perfect itself under the guidance of the general rules of taste, for it must not become one-sided. Yet we must never deny, never forget, its origin. And its harvest should, as far as possible, be sown and reaped upon its native soil, for there alone will it attain its best results, and become the most powerful agent for the spreading of refinement among the Swedish people."

MEN OF LETTERS

"WHAT," enquired an Unnecessary Infant, "is a man of letters?"

"Mr. Richard Le Gallienne," his uncle replied exhaustively, for really he could not at the moment call to mind any other writer who has so announced himself. As a rule, they give one the trouble of finding out for oneself. But, just as Mr. Darcy in "Pride and Prejudice" had "no defect and owned it himself without disguise," so does he who sought the Golden Girl handsomely admit that he is a man of letters without so much as waiting to be accused of it. It is not, however, necessary to have written nothing of much importance in order to be a "man of letters." That is quite a superficial view of the matter. Thus Macaulay was undoubtedly one, though the author of a history that is amusing still, and may, by the time his own New Zealander is in position, be considered authoritative also. Nevertheless, it is seldom on the writing of big books that the claim to be a man of letters is rested. Certainly Gibbon was so considered, and he wrote a book of encyclopædic magnitude. But no one has ever called Shakespeare a man of letters, though they might have done had he only written the notes to his works which Malone and Steevens glued to them, or even Pope's introduction. After all, it is by writing introductions that the modern man of letters begets himself. Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. Thus the Giant Blunderbore, with an introduction and bibliography, might easily foist a new man of letters on the public, and the "strongest" passages of Casanova sufficiently masticated and expectorated may presently yield a sugary fame to some unsqueamish aspirant after publicity. Departed greatness (dexterously perceived to be "out of copyright") is the chewing-gum for present littleness that wants to better itself.

Experientia does it, said Mr. Jorrocks, but nowadays it is the introduction. Suppose, for instance, you meant to be a man of letters yourself. All you need do is to "edit," say *The Entail*, that truly astounding literary achievement of northern genius, with a number of uninteresting prefatory particulars as to the "personality" of John Galt, and as many miscomparisons of his work with that of other novelists, who never in the least resembled him, as your reading may put at your disposal. Of course, you would quote most of the text in your introduction, which would not interfere with your reproduction of it all in larger type as the body of the work. If you are not thus a man of letters it will not, at any rate, be the fault of your author. It would certainly be just as well for you to have written a poem or so of your own, or even to have edited the dullest letters that some poor genius once intended for his correspondents' waste-paper basket.

Another way is to go to Haworth and kodak the parsonage, with or without the present incumbent in the foreground refusing someone permission to go in and stare at the Brontë dining-parlour, where his family are egregiously attempting to lunch in peace.

That done you will publish the photograph in a more or less illustrated paper, with all you have been able to learn of Patrick Branwell in the village tavern, where his late lamented genius chiefly coruscated.

A man of letters must not *do* anything, as well as write, or else Darwin would be one, who did for himself by inventing Evolution as well as writing of the cruise of the Beagle. Even Christopher Columbus might have been a man of letters but that he "discöoperuit Americam," as Monseigneur Dupanloup remarked to the delight of the rest of the Vatican Council.

After all, Mr. Le Gallienne's method may be the best, and it will very likely be safest for you to tell us yourself that you are a man of letters, so that there may be no mistake about it. You need not wait for THE ACADEMY to agree with you, for that might waste time, and these are days of small profits and quick returns in the matter of literary reputation. It will be enough to visit Stonehenge (preferably on a bicycle) and abuse Sir Edmund Antrobus. You are not even bound to achieve "success"; one way is to die before achieving it, and let someone else blubber over the overdue reputation that you pre-deceased. If the game does not strike you as being worth that candle, take the bull by the horns, and fill two columns in some green weekly of the baser sort with your own account of the "furor" your works have occasioned.

As to writers of whose fame we are aware already, some of these we see to be too great for this label of Man of Letters, and some too little. Some undoubtedly great fit the title well, and some of very moderate distinction fit it quite as well. Sir Walter Scott would have been a man of letters had he produced only the introductions to the Waverley Novels, but, as he wrote the novels also, we call him by another name. Lockhart, on the other hand, who made much of his reputation out of his father-in-law, was no doubt a man of letters. Boswell, who made his entirely out of Dr. Johnson, was more. Wordsworth was a poet, but would be ill-described as a man of letters. Southey was essentially a man of letters, and only a poet in the sense that he was Laureate, and the producer of a perfect indigestion of metrical ponderosity.

Thus it appears that some names are altogether too big for this title; no one has probably ever spoken of Homer as a man of letters, even in America. Whereas it fits some illustrious names precisely, for instance, those of Horace and Ovid. For myself I would never call Mr. Thomas Hardy a man of letters, though he is the greatest living novelist, with one exception, in England. Whereas the greatest of all is (as obviously) a man of letters, not because of the super-eminence of his novels, or in spite of it, but by reason of a peculiar quality in all his writing which elevates it out of the plane of mere fiction into the quite distinct plane of "letters." This is not to belittle the work of the great prophet of Wessex, or to attempt any paltry comparison between two masters who never could be rivals. But Mr. Hardy is so great an artist that one can think of him by no other name; so convincing a dramatist that his characters leave us no leisure to consider the methods of their production; while Mr. Meredith never permits us to forget that his dazzling crowd of puppets are all worked by himself; once let him cease to pull the strings that he never tires to hide, and none of them will work; they belong, not to Nature, but to literature. They are far more astonishing than life, but they are not life. They are not intended to reflect creation, but their creator. And they do exactly what they are intended to do; which is success. No one in reading any one of Mr. Meredith's masterpieces can ever forget Mr. Meredith for a moment: his admiration, his wonder, his sense of almost personal triumph in the genius of his author, is never distracted by the mere characters, which, whatever their names or ages,

their sex or make up, he knows to be in fact only so many presentments of Mr. Meredith's extraordinary endowments. To return to the dead. Dickens was not a man of letters, and would not have been even if he had written nothing but Sketches by Boz and Pictures from Italy. He belongs rather to men than to books, was more a great humorist than a great writer. Thackeray, with his Four Georges and English Humorists, looked much more like a man of letters; but he was too big a novelist for the part.

Charles Lamb seems to me the very type of a man of letters of one sort: perhaps because he made no big books, nor ever lifted his special faculty into any one great Alp of achievement. Hazlitt was another, of another kind, and well aware of it, though in his day it was not manners to say so. Coleridge was poet and man of letters at the same time, a somewhat rare accomplishment. None of the three in the least resembled either of the others. Lamb had a sufficiency of a gentle, indolent faith; Coleridge was turgid and turbid in his beliefs, though clear enough in his statements. Hazlitt kept his faith, what there was of it, to himself, for which we are obliged to him. After all, it is what they don't believe that people are chiefly anxious to tell us, and really it concerns them more than us.

"What do you think about God?" some inspired impertinent is supposed to have suddenly enquired of the eminent Master of Balliol.

"My dear young man," the sage, we are told, replied, "what matters is what God may think of me."

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

SEASONABLE BOOKS—II.

To be seasonable is to be reasonable; although there are several books in the assortment now noticed which have no other justification than the fact that at Christmas time there are many puzzled donors and many uncritical recipients, yet this we feel to be a substantial apology for lapses from any high standard. The books which follow are for the most part novels for young people, not so much intended to inform and instruct as to amuse. Their improbability is usually huge, and their simplicity of design is often frank, but the same may be said of seven-eighths of the novels which, it is to be assumed, amuse us seniors, so that we do not see why the authors should not be successful in the eyes of their young audience, nor why we should ask more of them.

"Jones of the 64th," by Captain F. S. Brereton (Blackie & Son, Ltd.), is a story of the campaign in which Wellington, then General Wellesley, and General Lake destroyed the Mahratta confederacy. The hero, Owen Jones, begins his career as a mysterious workhouse orphan; becoming a band-boy he passes from non-commissioned officer to ensign in an Indian regiment, and wins laurels on the field of Assaye. He is captured by the Mahrattas, escapes to take part in the battle of Leswaree, learns from a dying Colonel the not over probable story of his birth, and ends on the last page of the book as a wealthy baronet. A good, straightforward story, illustrated with spirit by Mr. W. Rainey, R.I. "Hostage for a Kingdom," by F. B. Forester (T. Nelson & Sons), is a story of the Carlist rising of 1872. The hero, a young Spanish grandee, the son of a prominent Alfonsist, is kidnapped by a brigand who is a supporter of Don Carlos. The brigand, an outlawed doctor, is a keen politician as well as a desperate ruffian, and threatens to kill his captive unless the father deserts the cause of Isabella's son. At the last moment the prisoner is rescued through the nerve of an English schoolfellow. This *mise-en-scène* is new, and this adds interest to a book that should please all normally constituted lads, while six well-executed

colour prints add merit to the work as a present. "The Tiger of the Pampas," by Herbert Hayens (T. Nelson & Sons), is a story in which the villain, one Quiroga, is a Gaucho general, who performs marvellous feats of bravery and brutality in the civil wars which followed the rejection by La Plata of the Spanish rule. He gallops furiously through the pages of the book, raiding, beleaguering, and assassinating, but all to no purpose, for the hero, a young gentleman with a fine knack of getting out of tight places, is on the other side, so ensuring his ultimate downfall. As in the preceding work, the scene is placed in a novel environment, and much freshness is thereby given to episodes, the counterpart of which have figured before now in books for boys. This book is also illustrated in colours. "The Forest Playfellow," by E. K. Saunders (Archibald Constable & Co.), is a study of the feelings of a small boy who is much left to himself. He plays with the simulacrum of a dead uncle in the forest which surrounds his home, and is influenced by the ghost until he gets into sympathetic *rapprochement* with his father, from whom he had previously been estranged. We are not blind to the merits of the work thus baldly summarised; we know that a good deal of care has gone to the making of the story; it may appeal more to others than it has to us, who have found it a little dull. "The Little Foresters," by Clarence Hawkes (George Harrap & Co.), also deals with woodland life, but its message is as easy to catch as that of "The Forest Playfellow" is elusive. The little creatures of the New England woods are described with a humorous and sympathetic pen, and all children who are animal lovers will delight in their adventures. Mr. Charles Copeland's illustrations delineate the spirit as well as the episodes of the book. "The Playmate," by Charles Turley (William Heinemann), is intended to be a very amusing book, but is only rather so. The various children depicted have many features in common with live children, but do not give any illusion of being alive. Read aloud in a brisk manner we can understand that it might have a success with a young audience. "The Pearl-Seekers," by Alexander Macdonald (Blackie & Son), is an impossible story, and the author's claim that real occurrences corroborate some of his fictions does not alter the case. The style is stilted, and the science is unsound. But it is stuffed with sensational happenings, and for that reason will give pleasure. The book has no less than five heroes, who divide between them an astonishing mass of knowledge and virtues, so that it is only right that the end should find them in possession of money and jewels. Mr. Edward Hodgson's illustrations are good. Boys will love all the exciting episodes in "The Plotters of Peking," by Carlton Dawe (Eveleigh Nash). It is reminiscent of the late Guy Boothby's most popular work, but fails in comparison with Dr. Nikola for want of a coherent story—a string on which to thread the various attempts at stabbing, poisoning, live-burying, abduction, and so on. There is, however, a sort of accurate seriousness about the way in which the improbable incidents are told that carries the author through his task successfully. "Geoffrey Harrington's Adventures," by Harry Collingwood (S.P.C.K.), is a story on a well-worn plan of a young man being cast away on a coast where the inhabitants are many generations behind the civilisation of the world—at any rate, in their knowledge of physics. The hero happens to be a ship-builder, so he builds for the Queen of his new country a fleet, organises for her the defeat of a rival power that had been wont to oppress her people, and marries her on the last page. The story belongs to the kind that has a perennial interest for boys. Mr. Harold

Piffard's coloured illustrations are satisfactory. "Frank and Fearless," by W. C. Metcalfe (S.P.C.K.), is a terrific work, but not a very skilful one. The recurring conflicts do not appal, the violent deaths of countless cannibals are not moving, the heroism of the gallant English lads is superlative without being convincing. The author has not the skill necessary to make what he tells us ring true, and only the easily satisfied reader will obtain thrills. This book is also illustrated in colour by Mr. Frank Piffard, and for this reason its low price makes it a bargain for the present-hunter.

The remaining books are more serious in their endeavour. "In a Deep-Water Ship," by Ernest Richards (Andrew Melrose), is a personal narrative of an apprentice who took a year's voyage in a British clipper ship and the book gives a graphic picture of life in the mercantile marine. But it is not an easy life. There are no hairbreadth 'scapes or romantic adventures in the book; the record is throughout one of hard work, showing how incorrect is that popular picture of the seaman in a sailing ship, which depicts a clean, burly fellow, with a brick red face and a white Newgate frill, leaning abstractedly over the side, while the wind obligingly wafts the vessel along. All day and every day there is something to be done on board a clipper, and most of the routine is thoroughly hard. We commend Mr. Richards' work to our readers' notice; wholesome things have a way of not being nice, but this thing is both. "The Falcon King," by W. Lorcan O'Byrne (Blackie & Son, Ltd.), is a book of some literary pretensions. It deals with the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, and we learn from the author's preface that a poem having an Irish source, but written in Norman French, has been followed more or less as an authority. Mr. O'Byrne has Irish legends or Irish tradition at his fingers' ends, and we have found "The Falcon King" rather an interesting work. Boys, we think, would call it stodgy. "Popular Tales from the Norse," by Sir George W. Dasent (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.), contains a series of stories which are as likely to appeal to grown-up people as to children—the tales will please the juniors, and their ethnological interest will appeal to the seniors. The tales have been set down in the form of simple translation; and the colloquial English employed gives a desired impression of simplicity. In his interesting introduction Sir George Dasent upholds strongly the common Aryan origin of European and Indian folktales, and by an outline of the Volsung story shows the influence of successive religious beliefs on Norse folklore. This introduction is valuable and scholarly.

"Tales Illustrative of the Apostles' Creed," by the late Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. (S.P.C.K.), is the only work of deliberately religious intention which we are noticing. The title describes it exactly. "The Apostles' Creed" is divided into a series of assertions, and each is made the text of a tale. Some of the episodes have a more definite relation to their subject than others, but all are well told with a true spirit of reverence, considerable literary spirit, and no mawkishness. The story of "The Little Sisters of Brotteaux," an episode of the disastrous floods in France during the summer of 1856, and that entitled "The Circuit of Mont St. Michel" are the two out of twelve striking little sermons which most arrest the attention. This is a religious book which can be cordially recommended for children, both for its style and its tone—there are not many such. And here at the end is our old friend, "The Swiss Family Robinson," edited by G. E. Milton (A. and C. Black). The editor has omitted some of the didactic interludes we learn from the preface. We do not pretend that we should have missed

them, as it was always our youthful habit to skip them. What a good book it is! We have been treated, as we have shown above, to all sorts of tremendous sensation while reading these seasonable books; under Eastern, Western, Northern, and Southern skies young people of the adventurous temperament have been extracted for our thrilling from dangers of every imaginable description, but not one of the books has proved as interesting to us as the record of the doings of Fritz the masterful, Ernest the studious, Jack the light-hearted, and Francis the engaging, as told by the old Swiss pastor.

S. S. S.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

New Light on the New Testament. By DR. ADOLF DEISMANN, Professor in the University of Heidelberg. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1907.)

THE lectures in this little book are hardly more than a brief introduction to a wide subject—the light thrown on the philology of New Testament Greek by the texts from inscriptions on coins, medals, tablets, inscribed potsherds (ostraca), and papyri. Hitherto the great literatures of the imperial age have been regarded as almost the sole comparative sources for illustration of the New Testament. But these recently discovered texts bring scholars at once into touch with the popular "living language of that age," and open out a vast field for historical investigation of the universal or "common" language (*Koiné*) in which the New Testament is written—a "popular colloquial form of late Greek." This common language belongs to the inscriptions, and is especially illustrated by the masses of papyri discovered at Oxyrhynchus-Behnesa, Faijûm, and elsewhere. These are "the remains of ancient rubbish-shoots, where ages ago the discarded files of documents from public and private offices were thrown," together with the general contents of waste-paper baskets—legal documents of all kinds, wills, tax-papers, petitions, exercise books, diaries, charms, horoscopes, letters, and notes of invitation. Here is found the common language of daily life, as distinguished from that of polite classical literature. Here have come to light a number of words hitherto regarded as peculiar to the New Testament, and therefore considered as "one of the most important characteristics of isolated New Testament Greek," whereas they are often merely colloquial terms in current usage.

We agree with the author in his estimate of the great value of texts and inscriptions for comparative philological and literary interpretation, but we cannot follow his vague deductions in the lecture on "religious interpretation." He tries to prove too much. In a work of this kind we expect the judicial criticism of the scholar rather than sermonising of the Neo-theological type. We read, however, that

Jesus of Nazareth was no brooding theologian (!)

Let us have done with the theology of Jesus; it leads a shadowy existence in books, but in the light of day it never was.

In the early Christian appreciation of Jesus there is no stereotyped formula, no exclusive dogma, no uniform Christology.

We do not find evidence in this book to warrant the writer's forced "religious interpretations," which we consider altogether out of place in a work which treats of the comparative philology even of the New Testament.

A Short History of Greek Literature from Homer to Julian. By WILMER CAVE WRIGHT. (American Book Co.)

It would be difficult to recommend this little book too highly. From it, even one who has no Greek may learn much of the history and development of Greek literature, while as a handy book for rapid reference it is

admirably arranged and lucidly written. That the authoress is a separatist in matters Homeric we note with a shade of regret, but after all, in the midst of much controversy, the writer of a book of this kind is obliged to stick to a single point of view without much comment upon the other sides of the question; and the same exemption from criticism must be granted to the brief ethnological considerations which appear in the chapter upon the Homeric poems. We cannot help thinking that Dr. Wright is a little hard on Hesiod, though, to be sure, he is a pedestrian poet enough. The chapter on elegy and iambic is particularly good; but in that upon metrical poetry we cannot but regret that the writer should have wandered into by-paths of delusive archæology, which have led her to identify the labyrinth of Gnosso with the dancing floor of Ariadne—and this *à propos* of Thaletas! But we can forgive her much for the sake of the admirable account of Pindar and Bacchylides, which, naturally, occupies the greater part of the chapter. No less excellent is the summary of the work of Herodotus in the chapter headed with his name. Thucydides is also the subject of a chapter which is nearly as good. We do not remember to have seen a more concise sketch of the rise of the Greek drama, and we quite sympathise with the authoress in her estimate of Euripides. In the chapter on comedy there is nothing very new, but the contrast between old and new is well pointed for the less instructed reader. Socrates, in a chapter, "Socrates and the Lesser Socratics," is reasonably regarded as the valuable but irritating individual that he undoubtedly was.

We cannot do more, in this space, than to say that the scheme of the book is well carried through to the end. Each chapter is provided with an excellent bibliography, which, however, would have been rendered far more valuable by a list of MSS. for every author of whom remains exist; and the index is all that can be desired. It is distinctly a book to buy.

Nineteenth Century Prose. Selected and arranged by MRS. LAURENCE BINYON. (Methuen and Co., 6s.)

MRS. BINYON concludes her very careful and interesting preface by saying that she has tried to make this book easy to read, and possible (she hopes) to enjoy. She has certainly succeeded, and though on first thoughts it might be said that the attempt required no particular effort, a little reflection will surely show that the task of selection from a century's prose—a century, too, during which more prose was printed in England than in the whole time before it—is not only a delicate one, but open to adverse criticism from every prig or block-head who ever fancied himself a judge. Even the well-informed could hardly be tempted with a broader target at which to discharge the arrows of their learning and judgment, and the recent surprise afforded to the public by the authorities at the British Museum by their selection of names for the dome of the reading-room, shows what the dangers and difficulties (in this case we might even say impossibilities) of judicious selection are.

Biographies nowadays run to many hundreds of pages, provided the biographee is a quite unimportant person. To autobiographies there is, of course, no limit, and fiction is beginning to stretch itself at greater length than ever. Why, then, should Mrs. Binyon be confined to 300 pages for the whole century's prose? It is not quite fair, but at the same time it is really rather a good thing, and reflects all the more credit on the hostess for giving such a large and enjoyable party in so small a house. She has invited all the right people, and they all say the right thing without having room to say anything boring or tedious. Here and there one is bound to wish for more of one's particular friends' discourse and less of those one doesn't care

about—the Americans, in particular, and the living writers might have been asked to a separate party—but this is, of course, inevitable. Mrs. Binyon's substitution of a new order of her own for the chronological was a happy idea and well carried out.

"The Letters of Samuel Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester." Edited, with a Memoir, by GEORGE A. B. DEWAR. (George Allen and Sons, 15s. net.)

ADMIRERS of the late Dean of Rochester can hardly resist some slight feeling of disappointment at this volume. Mr. Dewar's introductory chapter is, in many respects, excellent. It reveals unsuspected traits in the character of Dean Hole, it abounds in good stories racyly told. But it is in no sense of the word a "memoir," and the reader anxious for biographical details is referred to an unilluminating chronological list.

Of the letters themselves it is, happily, possible to speak with less reserve. Hole was one of the most magnetic personalities of his period, and something of his charm still lingers in the written line. He was a man of varied tastes and attainments—horticulturist, preacher, sportsman, author. Among his correspondents were rose-growers, stable-boys, archbishops, and artists. He had, it would appear, but little interest in theology, but he was not uninfluenced by the spirit of his time. His earlier years witnessed the rise of the Oxford movement, which swept like a flame through the Church of England. It warmed, without consuming, the future Dean of Rochester. In his hatred of Puritanism he was less influenced by religious conviction than by the traditions of his class:

I made the Puritans angry last night (he writes to his wife) by expressing my opinion that people might put into raffles and play at cards for sixpences without being *hopeless reprobates*; and I intend to make the geese hiss again to-night by stating that a glass of good wine or beer is not only pleasant but invigorating.

Such a man was bound to make enemies, and the hiss of the geese became at times unpleasantly audible. Nor was patience one of Hole's virtues. He was so far from suffering fools gladly that he would turn and rend them, not without a certain gusto. "You must excuse brevity," he wrote to one acridly pious correspondent, "but I cannot see why because you have water on the brain I should shave my head."

One carries away from this volume the impression of a breezy and somewhat boisterous personality. A man perhaps of severe intellectual limitations, yet one incapable of meanness or subterfuge; a keen fighter, yet most at home among the roses that he loved.

FICTION

Mr. Strudge. By PERCY WHITE. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

It is high praise, we know, but we think Mr. Strudge is worthy of a place in the portrait gallery of celebrated hypocrites. This is not the same thing as saying that Mr. White is a rival of the creators of Tartuffe, Mawworm, Mr. Micawber, Chadband, Stiggins, and Sludge, but that Mr. Strudge as a character sketch has such an air of reality about him that we find ourselves comparing and contrasting him quite seriously with the hypocrites and impostors of the greatest fiction. We cannot often do this with the persons of modern novels, but Mr. Strudge compels the compliment. In the list of famous impostors we have mentioned, most of them are exhibited in a religious rôle of one kind or another, but Mr. Strudge moves and has his being in an atmosphere more like that of Mr. Sludge, the spiritist medium. The circle or society of wealthy, sentimentally flabby so-called social reformers of the present day, the Pretorian Society, in which Mr. Strudge

flourished, may not be so easily identified as the spiritist circles of some years ago, but we all now know the Pretorians. They talk as Mr. Algernon Vyse talked, of remaking institutions and reforming society "on a basis of absolute justice and uncompromising logic." With young Strudge, the scion of a greengrocer in Bower Street, they undertake an experiment. He was to be highly educated at Pretorian College amongst youths of the higher classes to become a convincing example of the absurdity of class prejudice. Strudge takes on the education, for he is clever; but he develops on the lines of his own utterly selfish character, and makes hay of the professed altruism of his patrons. We cannot sufficiently admire the calm, dispassionate skill with which Mr. White displays the rascally, caddish, greedy egotism of his sensual, unscrupulous hero, who turns the foibles and vanities and sillinesses of his social superiors to his own advantage. Through all runs the strain of unctuous, ingenious, hypocritical self-excusing and explanations of his rascalities, which become exquisitely humorous as one recognises the characteristic attitude of the hypocrite, who partly clouds his own motives from himself that he may the more effectually work on the feelings of others. Of course, *le pauvre homme*, as Orgon calls Tartuffe, is exploded; and it is done by Felix Macrosty, the writer of "plays for thinkers," who satirises Strudge as Fudge in *Their Idol*, in which the Pretorians are mercilessly ridiculed, though they have adopted Macrosty as their own and have become worshipping Macroistians. It is unnecessary to dwell on this or on Strudge's further adventures as the editor of the *Fairway*, which caught on with a competition in which the prize was £50 for answers to the question, "What would a weathercock say if it could speak?" Strudge is a study of character, and not a story of adventures or of description, however humorous or satirical they may be. It is not even a satire, though it may have that air at times, but the revelation of the natural history of an unscrupulous person who is treacherous and hypocritical in grain. Mr. White lays him bare with the skill of an anatomist and an artist.

My Lady of Whims. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

It would appear, from a review quoted at length upon the paper wrapper of this book, that "a Florence Warden" is already an accepted title for a certain brand of literary fare, an assurance that the consumer will find beneath that signature exactly what its presence guarantees. This being the case, there is little to be said. Just, however, as it is not altogether unusual for a well-known firm to rely at times more upon established reputation than upon sustained excellence, so it is perhaps allowable to hint that in the present instance the celebrity of "The House on the Marsh" is used to cover work that is hardly of the first quality. We suspect, indeed, that if announced from the pen of an unknown writer, "My Lady of Whims" would meet with little encouragement. It is a heavy, artificial production, without either humour or real observation to relieve its dullness. The central character round whom the other puppets perform their lifeless evolutions, is one Delphis Garston, called for some unknown reason "My Lady of Whims," though, in fact, her vagaries seem less dependent upon personality than upon the necessity of eking out a somewhat slender story to the length of a marketable novel. What merit the book has lies in the account of the Garston family, who are presented with some skill, and impress the reader, now and then, with a shadowy resemblance to reality, which, however, may be only an effect of comparison with the remaining persons of the story. But it is all very dreary and uninteresting;

so much so that the flashes of unconscious humour into which a deplorable slovenliness of style occasionally betrays the author, are made more conspicuous.

"Mr. Raws followed the slender figure about with his eyes, and presently with his feet," is a fair example of Miss Warden's method in this respect, and we were not astonished to read in the very next sentence that the heroine "turned a deaf ear" to this unpleasantly detached form of wooing. On another page the subsidiary heroine in an emotional moment is still able to hiss out the words, "You murdered him," a vocal accomplishment which we confess that we have striven in vain to emulate.

Miss Florence Warden has been for so long a mainstay of the circulating library, and has in that time provided entertainment for so large a circle of admirers, that to some of these, criticism in this spirit of her latest production may savour almost of an impertinence. But the fact remains that she must give us better stuff than "My Lady of Whims" if we are not to suspect her of the unfair use of a deservedly popular name.

Lisheen. By CANON SHEEHAN. (Longmans, 6s.)

WHEN Robert Maxwell, landlord and magistrate, decides to turn farm-labourer and live amongst the peasantry for twelve months one expects something more than an interesting record of the life agricultural. Canon Sheehan, however, is scarcely equal to his subject, but he must be accorded due praise for his descriptions of the monotonous existence led by the lowest classes in Ireland. The McAuliffes, the family which has the benefit of Maxwell's services, are typical of the minor farmers of southern and western Ireland, and the story of their difficulties and sorrows—the principal one being, of course, the great rent question—is well told by a writer who is depicting the struggles of a people he knows intimately. "Lisheen" is a long novel—the story it tells is brief enough. Robert Maxwell falls in love with Tolstoi and out of love with Mabel Willoughby, who marries her cousin and bitterly regrets it. Then Maxwell tramps to Lisheen, is received kindly by Owen McAuliffe, and for many days works very hard. He assists them in evading the bailiffs by performing the common service of cattle-driving, though eventually the representatives of the landlord triumph, and the McAuliffes are evicted. Maxwell is rescued by a cynical Englishman named Hamberton, who believes that money is the cure for all ills and that there is no good in mankind. Naturally enough, Hamberton has a ward, an equally strange creature, very young and very wise. Claire Moulton, as is readily guessed, is destined to be the wife of the disguised landlord, and, when he is compelled to disclose his identity, owing to an absurd charge of murder, Claire falls into his arms, and all ends happily for them. Her guardian, however, does not escape so lightly, for the practical Englishman, with his profitable paradise for labourers, quite needlessly tries to commit suicide, and when he half-selfishly, half-heroically attempts the rescue of a couple of children he cripples himself for life. Even then his misfortunes do not cease, and his beautiful residence is burnt to the ground. But a brave man, who is also a bad worker, saves him from the flames, and the great cynic is converted. To Father Cosgrove this reformation is principally due, and, it may be said, the character of the priest is the best piece of work in the book, which is often spoiled by too obvious padding. The personality of Outram, Mabel's husband, is not interesting, and his introduction unnecessary. It seems that no writer of an Irish novel can keep India out of his pages, and consequently Outram provides the eastern element with a story of a native girl who pursues him to Ireland, although he is a leper. When Mrs. Outram discovers

this she bemoans her lot in a manner plainly showing that Canon Sheehan has not the required skill to deal with such a subject. That part of the book is unpleasant, besides being badly done, and the reverend gentleman would be well advised if he keeps to Irish subjects, where he is on safe ground.

Toward the Dawn. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. (John Murray, 6s.)

It needs a Yorkshireman to appreciate Yorkshire. To the Southerner who has strayed north of the Humber there is something inexpressibly dour and cruel in the grey moors, cut by grey stone walls and inhabited by grey people. He longs for his more familiar South—the red earth of Devon, or the softer hills of Surrey, or the blue-green Downs, where the kindness of Nature is—to his thinking at any rate—shared by the people. But to the Yorkshireman the county of broad acres is supreme, and he understands and sympathises with its people.

Readers of "Wuthering Heights" will not need any insistence on this point, and though we would not for a moment suggest that the savagery of that strange book is repeated by Mr. Sutcliffe, still to the stranger—we had nearly said the foreigner—there is underlying Mr. Sutcliffe's more civilised, more human characters, the same unbending fierceness. His men ride straight, live straight, and love straight, but with this straightness there is a fierce inflexibility which is as repellant as it is admirable. Mr. Sutcliffe evidently knows his country and its people well, and as evidently sympathises with them. So great indeed is his sympathy and his skill in depicting them that he compels us, even against our will, to share it with him to some extent. He is, however, more successful in this as regards his country than its people. His descriptions of Dene and the lonely Fells attract us more than his portraits of the people who live there, and the fortunes of Nick and Alison suffer in interest accordingly.

The Inevitable Law. By F. E. PENNY. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

MRS. PENNY has already achieved a certain reputation through her books on native life in India. "The Inevitable Law" can only enhance this. While others draw upon their imagination or on second-hand information for their local colour, Mrs. Penny evidently writes from intimate knowledge and personal experience. Her sense of proportion, too, is such that, although her pictures of Indian life are seen and described at short range, with elaborate carefulness of detail, yet the true perspective is retained, and her characters are living studies.

Viewed simply as a novel, "The Inevitable Law" may perhaps be found wanting in certain characteristics. But it would be impossible so to view it, and probably the authoress would not be content with that view. Not only does she keep clearly before herself the purpose of her book, but she is at great pains to prevent the reader from losing sight of it; and the novel accordingly becomes a tract—at times even a sermon. Long conversations occur on the effect of the Law of Caste, which do not develop the story, but are of great service to the authoress, in proving her point. In spite, however, of this drawback Mrs. Penny succeeds in arousing interest in her characters and preserving it right to the end. Rama Rajah is infinitely pathetic in his futile attempt to govern with justice in spite of his family, and the culminating tragedy is at once inevitable and horrible.

If the book achieves nothing else, it should, in its small way, be an excellent counterblast to the mischievous utterances of ignorant itinerant politicians.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. PINERO AND "THE FLESHLY SCHOOL OF FICTION"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice that Mr. A. W. Pinero, in the *Bookman* (Dec. No.), speaking of the "Fleshly School of Fiction," writes:

Let intelligent and high-minded critics take a firm stand against this stuff; or, better still, let editors of first-class journals forbid all mention of it in the columns of their papers. Then it would be strangled at its birth.

May I be allowed to say that this—the latter part of it, at least—appears to me absolutely abominable. Objectionable as many of the works which Mr. Pinero has in mind undoubtedly are, the idea of meeting them by such underhand means as he proposes cannot but jar against all elemental notions of fairness. Surely the public as a whole is not so utterly unintelligent and uneducated as to require to be "protected" by "conspiracies of silence"!

But the vital objection to Mr. Pinero's proposal is, of course, that there is no knowing what it might lead to. Who can say with absolute certainty what is really thoroughly "bad" in literature and what is not? Many old-fashioned people (I am not one of them) might regard some of Mr. Pinero's own plays as "unpleasant" or "objectionable," and propose to put his own remedy in force against them, and "strangle them at birth." What would he say to that?

A READER.

THE BROWN DOG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The writer of the last note in your "Life and Letters" ought to be aware that meetings in Trafalgar Square are only allowed on Saturday and Sunday, and then notice should be given to the police and the demonstration held at a reasonable hour—certainly not midnight. I saw no roughness by the police, save what was necessary, and as to the justice and the "raggers'" protest—the less said the better.

ARCH. G.

M. YSAIE'S TASTE IN MUSIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I venture to express my approval of your remarks on the subject of Ysaie's choice of music at his recent concerts. I am an admirer of his genius, but the hopeless banality of both the programmes has deterred me from going to hear this great artist. It is difficult to forgive such defective taste in those to whom we look for guidance in the cultivating of our own taste.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.

THE CURSE OF EVANGELICISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I fear that your brilliant contributor, Mr. Arthur Machen, and the author of "Father and Son"—a book which your sympathetic review should much help to circulate among clever young persons in country towns—neither of them realises that hundreds of lads and girls of fine instincts are still being warped for life in our country cities and boroughs by an evangelicism which puts Sunday smoking on a level with highway robbery, and teaches that the world is ruled by a morose, capricious, and spiteful Deity.

Let me assure such young persons through the medium of your columns, which they may contrive to see more or less surreptitiously, that their case deserves and has the sympathy of all right-feeling members of both the Roman and the Anglican Churches. Lads and girls who have such a great trial to bear should remember that "absence of body is better than presence of mind" in many cases, and should concentrate their energies upon attempts to get altogether out of what is really a slightly insane social element.

The wickedness of evangelicism in our provincial towns lies chiefly in the fact that it is promoted by plausible knaves now, not by sincere fools, as it was when Spurgeons and Birrells came into being. If you could suddenly enter the study of an evangelical clergyman or a canting Methodist minister on a Sunday night, you would find him enjoying a large cigar and a volume of *Punch*, while unhappy lads and girls in his congregation are being made to pore upon Old Testament prophecies or booklets about hysterical "conversion."

A CHURCH WORKER.

THE PLAGUE OF ADVERTISEMENTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The plague of flashing electric-light advertisements and sky signs in our cities at night is on the increase, and seriously threatens the beauty and impressiveness of London, destroying architectural scale and dignity, and vulgarising most of the most striking and interesting spots of our metropolis. We have recently protested in the public Press against the vandalism of a prominent firm in spoiling a splendid river view by defacing the shot tower by an illuminated advertisement.

The chief offenders in this way are a few large well-known firms, and it becomes a question, vital not only to artists, but to everyone who values the architectural beauty and artistic aspects of London, how long we are going to tolerate these insults to the eye. Why should a few pushful firms be allowed to trample on public rights of vision?

There is, however, a worse danger in allowing their continuance, and this is the danger quite real—that the public, growing accustomed to such intrusions, might, from enduring, actually grow to like these dazzling deformities.

We would respectfully urge that united action should be taken on the subject, and beg to suggest that, if your powerful and influential body would co-operate with other distinguished artistic associations and the leading societies for the protection and preservation of the public rights in the beauty of historic buildings and places, this gross abuse of advertising could be restrained in the true interests as well as the dignity of the nation, by effective legislation.

WALTER CRANE.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

J. KERR LAWSON.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

GEORGE H. RADFORD, M.P.

CAPT. the HON. F. HEMPHILL,

Deputy-Chairman L.C.C.

SIR ROBERT H. HUDSON.

GEORGE WHALE.

A. H. SHOKES, K.C.

SIDNEY LEE, D.C.L.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

JANE CORDEN.

OSCAR BROWNING.

THOMAS SEECOMBE.

J. F. GREEN.

FRANCIS THOMPSON AND THE EDITOR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The case of Francis Thompson is one of those which throws historical light on God's mysterious way. That light which the dull world sees, but never understands. Thus, who dare say that the fiery training which the poet's soul underwent was not God's own shaping, and that the saving hand of the Catholic editor was not the Divine end to that vision of Chatterton?

Your world of sensual splendour may be shaken with a shivering pity at the thought of those wretched days and still more wretched nights, spent amidst the reeking garbage of the Garden, yet it is only touched by the scene—the material setting—and not the drama itself—that great Drama, which was carried on betwixt the Soul and its Maker. What a stupendous fact, indeed, for modern Babylon and its belated Church to realise.

But, speaking of mundane matters, there is a more serious danger to Literature than editorial fallibility, and you, sir, have already called attention to it in your columns. It is the commercial god of the publishing world. May I ask which is the worst? That act of carelessness (if it could be termed such) of the Catholic editor, who so nobly redeemed it, or this ruling instinct of filthy lucre, through which a work of acknowledged merit is scouted as being, in these modern times, "too good" (I take it that this means too sublime, too pure, too holy) "for making money."

Alas! who can wonder that whilst Mammon sings the poet is silent? Where there is no poetry there is no religion. Yet England need not despond, for whilst it possesses such a paper as THE ACADEMY and such a voice as a Machen, there is the light of Hope.

December 16th.

IN NUBIUS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sorry that your anonymous correspondent, "A Woman Journalist"—who volunteers the important information that she "is connected with papers that cater for the masses" and does not "in any way claim to represent literature"—should accuse me of flinging mud at an editor who is a perfect stranger to me. I certainly must repudiate her unkindly and unjust charge. I merely stated hard facts, and drew natural inferences from them.

I also fear that the logic of the working journalist of the rank and file in her letter is hardly as comprehensive or as lucid as it might be. If "the six months delay should not be laid to the editor's charge," on whom else should it be laid? And is not the fact patent that, had not he wanted immediate copy, the poet's contribution might have been entirely ignored or never have seen the daylight of publication and appreciation. And the presumption—for it is only a presumption—that a bombardment of useless MSS. caused the cruel delay is quite beside the matter.

Certainly, all editors desire new and original matter, and doubtless are on the look out for it. In my first letter I ventured to suggest, with, I hope, becoming diffidence, a few aids to secure this consummation.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

MISS DE MORGAN'S FAIRY TALES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice in your interesting article on Fairy Tales in the current issue that you refer to the late Miss De Morgan's stories. It may interest your readers to know that one volume—"On a Pincushion"—has been reprinted this season by ourselves, with the original illustrations, which are not by Walter Crane, but by Mr. William De Morgan, the author of "Joseph Vance." In addition to the interest which his name now gives to them, I have been informed that they are very early—if not actually the first—examples of process engraving published in book form in this country. The quality of the work on these blocks, which were no doubt touched up a good deal by hand after being made, compares very favourably with the work on line blocks at the present day.

ALEXANDER MORING, LTD.

ALEX. MORING,

Managing Director.

December 17.

MR. COURTNEY AND THE CENSOR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I observe in the current issue of THE ACADEMY (December 14th) the following reference to myself: "[Mr. Edward Garnett] emphasised the insincerity of Mr. W. L. Courtney, who, ever since singing the famous petition, has vociferated the personal virtues of Mr. Redford." Insincerity is an ugly word, and I must ask you kindly to explain your meaning. As a matter of fact, I have made no reference either to Mr. Redford himself or to his post since the publication of my letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, nor have I changed my opinion that a thoroughly efficient dramatic censor is a practical impossibility. I infinitely prefer (as, indeed, I stated in the letter to which I have already referred) the test of public opinion. What inconsistency there is between this attitude and my criticism of Mr. Granville Barker's play *Waste* I entirely fail to see. It is obvious that if a man desires to get rid of the dramatic censorship, he must be all the more ready to add his contribution, however humble, to the formation of public opinion.

W. L. COURTNEY.

I have also written to Mr. Edward Garnett on this point.

December 14.

[Our contributor writes: Mr. Garnett's words, as I remember them, were to the effect that "the dramatic critic of the 'Daily Telegraph,' in regard to the Censor, ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds." That time-honoured phrase appeared to me a periphrasis connoting insincerity. If I misheard or misinterpreted the lecturer, I must apologise for leading THE ACADEMY into error by assuming that he agreed, or expressed agreement, with a view I already held in regard to Mr. Courtney's letter to the *Daily Telegraph*. That letter, following on Mr. Courtney's signing of the petition against the Censor, seemed to me to indicate that the distinguished critic of the *Telegraph* took both sides, and this view was confirmed by his criticism of *Waste*. There are two ways of not sympathising—one is not to sympathise, the other is to sympathise with both sides. But I do not wish to extenuate my error, if error it be, beyond saying that I would never associate Mr. W. L. Courtney with anything ugly.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I see that THE ACADEMY of December 14th states that in my paper, "The Censorship of the Public," read before the Playgoers' Club on the 8th, I "emphasised the insincerity of Mr. W. L. Courtney."

Will you allow me to state that I said nothing about Mr. W. L. Courtney.

In contesting the line of argument of a portion of the London Press in the matter of Mr. Granville Barker's *Waste*, I made no reference to any individual, though I quoted a passage from Mr. A. B. Walkley's "Life and Drama"; and I object to my analysis of various critical fallacies and evasions being construed as a personal attack on particular individuals, to serve THE ACADEMY's purposes.

EDWARD GARNETT.

December 17.

[We strongly object to the charge which Mr. Garnett brings against us of "construing" his words "to serve THE ACADEMY's purpose." We simply gave a report of the sense of his observations on the authority of one who was present and made a note of them. THE ACADEMY has no purposes which can be served by construing Mr. Garnett's words. The only question is: Did Mr. Garnett say that the dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph* ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds; and, if so, does he or anyone else deny that that is equivalent to "emphasising the insincerity of Mr. Courtney." If Mr. Garnett denies that he made use of the phrase we have quoted, that, of course, is another matter involving the auditory powers of our contributor and other people who were present. But will he explain to us in that case why it did not occur to him to think it necessary to object to the sense of the words attributed to him in THE ACADEMY until after he had heard from Mr. Courtney?—ED.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

- Berenson, Bernhard. *The North Italian Painters of the Renaissance*. Putnam's, 6s.
Weale, W. H. James. *Hubert and John Van Eyck*. Lane, 10s.
Loewy, Emanuel. *The Rendering of Nature in Early Greek Art*. Duckworth, 5s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

- The Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio*. By Pompeo Molmenti and the late Gustav Ludwig. Translated by Robert H. Hobart Cust. Murray, £2 12s. 6d. net.
Ingleby, Leonard Cresswell. *Oscar Wilde*. Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net.
Binns, Henry Bryan. *Abraham Lincoln*. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
Fenn, G. Manville. *George Alfred Henty: the Story of an Active Life*. Blackie, 7s. 6d. net.
Morgan, James. *Theodore Roosevelt—the Boy and the Man*. Macmillan, 6s.
Jerrold, Walter. *Thomas Hood: His Life and Times*. Alston Rivers, 16s. net.
The Life of William Sterndale Bennett. By his son, J. R. Sterndale Bennett. Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d. net.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

- Meade, L. T. *The Scamp Family*. Chambers, 3s. 6d.
Smith, Emilie Vaughan. *Crags of Duty*. S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.
Jacberns, Raymond. *A Discontented Schoolgirl*. Chambers, 5s.
Fenn, G. Manville. *Trapped by Malays*. Chambers, 5s.
Baldwin, May. *The Follies of Fifi*. Chambers, 3s. 6d.
Curtis, Alice Turner. *The Little Runaways*. Chambers, 1s. 6d.
Finnemore, John. *Three School Chums*. Chambers.
Lynn, Escott. *When Lion-Heart was King*. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Home, Andrew. *Well Played*. Chambers, 5s.
Stead, R. *Ronald the Moor Ranger*. S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.
Metcalfe, W. C. *Ice-Gripped*. S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.
Stables, Gordon. *For Life and Liberty*. Blackie.
De la Pasture, Mrs. Henry. *The Unlucky Family*. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights. Edited and arranged by E. Dixon. Dent, 5s. net.
Young, Grace Chisholm. *Bimbo and the Frogs*. Dent, 1s. net.
Tales and Talks about Children. Blackie, 2s. 6d.

- My Book of Brave Men*. Blackie, 1s.
Our Wonderful World. Blackie, 1s.
Blackie's Puzzle Pictures: Cinderella, Ride-a-Cock-Horse. Blackie, 1s. each.
Our Toy Zoo. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
Robertson, W. Graham. *The Baby's Day Book*. Lane 3s. 6d.
Cartwright, Thos. *The Seven Champions of Christendom. Sigurd the Dragon-Slayer*. Heinemann, 1s. 6d. net.
Doggerel Dodgers. Designed by Albertine Randall Wheelan. Paul Elder, 50 cents.
Kenyon, C. R. *Twixt Earth and Sky*. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Henty, G. A. *Facing Death*. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Metcalfe, W. C. *Pigtails and Pirates*. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
Stables, Gordon. *For Life and Liberty*. Blackie, 3s.
Henty, G. A. *The Cat of Bubastes*. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Collingwood, Harry. *With Airship and Submarine*. Blackie, 6s.
Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Blackie, 5s.
Mundell, Frank. *Animal Story and Adventure*. The Sunday School Union, 2s.
Leighton, Robert. *A Bit of a Bounder*. The Sunday School Union, 1s.
Marchant, Bessie. *No Ordinary Girl*. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Brereton, Captain F. S. *Jones of the 64th*. Blackie, 5s.
Rhoades, Walter. *Two Scapegraces*. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
Sharp, Evelyn. *The Story of the Weathercock*. Blackie, 6s. net.
Macdonald, Alexander. *The Pearl Seekers*. Blackie, 6s.
Turley, Charles. *The Playmate*. Heinemann, 5s.
Nesbit, E. *The Enchanted Castle*. Unwin, 6s.
Amy's Wonderful "At Home". Blackie, 1s. 6d.
Our Happy Holiday. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
Robinson, Charles. *Black Sambo, Black Bunnies, Black Doggies*. Blackie, 1s. net each.
Doggy Doggerel. Written by Emily Westrup. Pictured by E. Kate Westrup. Blackie, 2s. 6d.
The Podgy Book of Tales. Written and pictured by Lena and Norman Ault. Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. net.
Humpty Dumpty's Little Son, A Dutch Doll's Ditties, Ten Little Nigger Boys and Ten Little Nigger Girls, The Little Soldier Book. Chatto & Windus, 1s. each net.
Wild Nature in Pictures. By Sir F. Carruthers Gould. Lane, 5s.
Turner, Ethel. *The Stolen Voyage*. Ward Lock, 3s. 6d.
Wonder Book. Edited by Harry Golding. Ward Lock, 3s. 6d.
Strang, Herbert. *With Drake on the Spanish Main*. 5s.—*The Willoughby Captains*. By Talbot Baines Reed. 3s. 6d.—*Janet: Her Winter in Quebec*. By Anna Chapin Ray. 3s. 6d.—*The Pretenders*. By Meredith Fletcher. 3s. 6d.—*Rob the Ranger*. By Herbert Strang. 6s.—*Nina's Career*. By Christina Gowans Whyte. 6s.—*Teddy: Her Book*. By Anna Chapin Ray. 3s. 6d.—*The House Prefect*. By Desmond Coke. 5s. Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.

DRAMA

- Warren, T. H. *The Death of Virgil*. Murray, 3s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- Mackenzie, W. M. *Outline of Scottish History*. Black, n.p.
English Essays. Selected and edited by J. H. Fowler. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
Liversidge, M. A. *Elementary Botany*. Blackie, 1s. 6d. net.
A Little Book of French Poetry. Edited by Miss B. Scott. Blackie, 4d.
Kinglelake, A. W. *Eothen*. Blackie, 1s.
Meyer, A. *Bedford High School Conversational German Grammar*. First Term and Second Term. Blackie, 2s. and 2s. 6d.
La Belle aux Cheveux D'or. Edited by A. J. Berwick and A. Barwell. Blackie, 1s.
Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste. Edited by Maurice Labesse. Blackie, 4d.
Blackie's English Texts. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. *Froissart's Chronicles, Crecy and Poitiers, The Reign of Richard II., Bacon's Essays*. Blackie, 6d. each.
Le Zouave and La Montre de Gertrude. Edited by Louis A. Barbé. Blackie, 8d.

Der Kriegsfreiwillige von 1870-71. Edited by J. Morrison. Blackie, 6d.

Trigonometry, Theoretical and Practical. By R. C. Bridgett and William Hyslop. Blackie, 4s. 6d.

A First Latin Grammar. By E. H. Scott and Frank Jones. Blackie, 2s.

Les Aventures du Dernier Abençerage. Edited by Albert Noblet. Blackie, 8d.

Cornelius Nepos. Blackie, 8d. net.

Cæsar: Gallic War VIII. Blackie, 6d. net.

Æschylus' Agamemnon. Translated by John Conington. With Introduction and Notes by J. Churton Collins. The Clarendon Press, 1s. net.

Æschylus' Prometheus Bound. Translated by Robert White-law. With Introduction and Notes by J. Churton Collins. The Clarendon Press, 1s. net.

FICTION

How Sarah Jane was almost Buried in the Duchess's Nightgown. By Lady Florence Bourke. Willett, 1s. net.

Ollivant, Alfred. *Redcoat Captain.* Murray, 6s.

Harker, L. Allen. *His First Leave.* Arnold, 6s.

Savile, Frank. *The Desert Venture.* Arnold, 6s.

De Pratz, Claire. *Eve Norris.* Heinemann, 6s.

Kipling, Rudyard. *The Brushwood Boy.* Macmillan, 6s.

Robins, Elizabeth. *The Convert.* Methuen, 6s.

Whiteing, Richard. *All Moonshine.* Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Stace, Henry. *The Adventures of Count O'Connor.* Alston Rivers, 6s.

Tynan, Katharine. *Her Ladyship.* Smith, Elder, 6s.

Norris, W. E. *The Square Peg.* Constable, 6s.

De Haven, Audrey. *The Scarlet Cloak.* Blackwood, 6s.

Hay, Ian. "Pip." Blackwood, 6s.

Bennett, Arnold. *The City of Pleasure.* Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Horniman, Roy. *Lord Cammarleigh's Secret.* Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Harlaw, John. *Sandy Gordon, Missionar.* Allenson, 3s. 6d. net.

White, Percy. *Mr. Strudge.* Nash, 6s.

Le Queux, William. *The Woman in the Way.* Nash, 6s.

Mason, A. E. W. *The Broken Road.* Smith, Elder, 6s.

Sellar, Edmund Francis. *Muggins of the Modern Side.* Blackwood, 6s.

Hayllar Florence. *Nepenthes.* Blackwood, 6s.

Walton, Mrs. O. F. *The Lost Clue.* Religious Tract Society, 6s.

Tweedale, Violet. *Mrs. Barrington's Atonement.* Long, 6s.

Tytler, Sarah. *A Briar Rose.* Long, 6s.

Wales, Hubert. *Cynthia in the Wilderness.* Long, 6s.

Stone, Christopher. *Scars.* Heinemann, 6s.

Vane, Derek. *The Secret Door.* Everett, 6s.

Macaulay, R. *The Furnace.* Murray, 6s.

De Guérin, E. W. *The Malice of the Stars.* Lane, 6s.

Le Blond, Mrs. Aubrey. *The Story of an Alpine Winter.* Bell, 5s.

Tracy, Louis. *The Red Tear.* White, 6s.

Penny, F. E. *The Inevitable Law.* Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Blyth, James. *The Tyranny.* Heinemann, 6s.

Macquoid, Katharine S. *Captain Dallington.* Arrowsmith, 6s.

Snaith, J. C. *William Jordan, Junior.* Constable, 6s.

Grosvenor, The Hon. Mrs. *The Thornton Device.* Constable, 6s.

Satchell, William. *The Elixir of Life.* Chapman & Hall, 6s.

Finnemore, Emily Pearson. *A Brummagem Button.* David Nutt, 6s.

Coke, The Hon. Henry J. *Open Hatchways.* Lane, 6s.

Sedgwick, A. D. *Valerie Upton.* Constable, 6s.

Roberts, Morley. *Lady Anne.* White, 6s.

Craddock, Charles Egbert. *The Windfall.* Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Rhoscomyl, Owen. *Vronina.* Duckworth, 6s.

De Crespigny, Mrs. P. Champion. *The Spanish Prisoner.* Nash, 6s.

Langbridge, Rosamond. *The Stars Beyond.* Nash, 6s.

Griffin, E. A. *Mrs. Vanneck.* Nash, 6s.

Castle, Agnes and Egerton. *My Merry Rockhurst.* Smith Elder, 6s.

Bolt, Judson. *The Prodigal Nephew.* Duckworth, 3s. 6d.

Buckley, William. *Cambia Carty and other Stories.* Maunsell, 3s. 6d.

The Diary of a Lost One. Edited by Margarete Böhme. Sisleys, 6s.

Atherton, Gertrude. *Ancestors.* Murray, 6s.

Sutcliffe, Halliwell. *Toward the Dawn.* Murray, 6s.

Vane, Derek. *The Secret Door.* Everett, 6s.

Applin, Arthur. *The Devil and Dolores.* Everett, 6s.

Askew, Alice and Claude. *The Plains of Silence.* Cassell, 6s.

Warden Florence. *Heiress of Densley Wold.* Cassell, 6s.

Wyndham, Horace. *The Call of the Drum.* Cassell, 6s.

Barnett, John. *The Luck of the Lanes.* Cassell, 1s. 6d. net.

A Subaltern of Horse. By the Intelligence Officer. Blackwood, 6s.

Buchanan, Alfred. *She Loved Much.* Unwin, 6s.

Pickthall, Marmaduke. *The Myopes.* Murray, 6s.

Channel, A. *The Seamless Robe.* Werner Laurie, 6s.

HISTORY

The World's History. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. Vols. VI. and VIII. Heinemann, 15s. net each.

MISCELLANEOUS

Rannie, David Watson. *Wordsworth and his Circle.* Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.

Lucas, E. V. *The Gentle Art.* Methuen, 5s.

Farrer, Reginald. *My Rock-Garden.* Arnold, 7s. 6d. net.

Our Life in the Swiss Highlands. By John Addington Symonds and his daughter Margaret. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

Middlesex. Painted by John Fulleylove. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

The South-bound Car. By Owen Llewellyn and R. Raven-Hill. Methuen, 6s.

Memoirs of Mistral. Rendered into English by Constance Elizabeth Maud. Arnold, 7s. 6d. net.

Elton, Oliver. *Modern Studies.* Arnold, 7s. 6d. net.

Father and Son. A Study of Two Temperaments. Heinemann, 8s. 6d. net.

Miltoun, Francis. *The Automobilist Abroad.* Brown Langham, 10s. 6d. net.

Bailey, John C. *The Claims of French Poetry.* Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

Bruce, Major Clarence Dalrymple. *In the Footsteps of Marco Polo.* Blackwood, 21s. net.

Walkley, A. B. *Drama and Life.* Methuen, 6s.

Bearne, Mrs. *A Sister of Marie Antoinette.* Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.

With Shelley in Italy. Edited by Anna Benneson McMahan. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.

Hutton, Edward. *Florence and Northern Tuscany.* Methuen, 6s.

Wilmot, Buxton, E. M. *A Book of Noble Women.* Methuen, 3s. 6d.

Masefield, John. *An English Prose Miscellany.* Methuen, 6s.

The Interlinear Bible. The Authorised Version and the Revised Version. Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net.

Side Lights on Alcohol and its Action on the Human Organism. By "Medicus Abstinens." Church of England Temperance Society, n.p.

Miltout, Francis. *Dumas' Paris.* Sisley's, 7s. 6d. net.

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